

# • CIRCLE NINE •

GEORGE LEITE, Editor

#### THE FOUR DIFFERENT COVERS

for this issue of Circle were designed and hand printed in five color silk-screen by

### BEZALEL SCHATZ

Palestinian artist whose paintings have been shown in the major galleries of the world. Bezalel Schatz (son of the founder of the Bezalel Art School and Museum in Jerusalem) is at present working on a book which will be a landmark in fine book publication. Using as text "Into the Night Life" by Henry Miller, the book is being done entirely by hand in silk screen, over 200 colors will be used and the writing itself will be reproduced directly from Miller's handwriting. Although still in production, the book has caused considerable interest among those who have seen it. On completion, the San Francisco Museum of Art will have an exhibit of the book, showing the original paintings, sketches, silk screens and the entire process to the finished volume. In the forthcoming issue of Circle we hope to reproduce an excerpt from the book as a sample of what can be done in artistic book publication.

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PORTRAIT OF MISS GERTRUDE STEIN, 1906 by PABLO PICASSO Photo Hyperion

This issue of Circle is Dedicated to the Memory of Gertrude Stein, dead now this July of 1946.



## Lawrence Durrell:

# EIGHT ASPECTS OF MELISSA

BY THE LAKE

I.

If seen by many minds at once your image As in a prism falling breaks itself, Or looking upwards from a gleaming spoon Defies: a smile squeezed up and vanishing In roundels of diversion like the moon.

Yet here you are confirmed by the smallest
Wish or kiss upon the rising darkness
But rootless as a wick afloat in water,
Fatherless as shoes walking over dead leaves;
A patient whom no envy stirs but joy
And what the harsh chords of your experience leaves—

This dark soft eye, so liquid now and hoarse With pleasure: or your arms in mirrors Combing out softly hair
As lovely as a planet's and remote.

How many several small forevers Whispered in the rind of the ear Melissa, by this Mediterranean sea-edge, Captured and told? How many additions to the total silence?

Surely we increased you by very little, But as with a net or gun to make your victims men?

#### THE NIGHT

II.

Cut from the joints of this immense Darkness up the face of Egypt lying, We move in the posession of our acts Alone, the dread apostles of our weakness.

For look. The mauve street is swallowed And the bats have begun to stitch slowly. At the stable-door the carpenter's three sons Bend over a bucket of burning shavings Warming their inwardness and quite unearthly As the candle-marking time begins.

Three little magi under vast Capella,
Beloved of all as shy as the astronomer,
She troubles heaven with her golden tears,
Tears flowing down upon us at this window,
The children rapt, the mauve street swallowed,
The harps of flame among the shadows
In Egypt now and far from Nazareth.

#### THE ADEPTS

III.

Some, the great Adepts, found it
A lesser part of them—ashes and thorns—
Where this sea-sickness on a bed
Proved nothing calm and virginal,
But animal, unstable, heavy as lead.

Some wearied for a sex
Like a science of known relations:
A God proved through the flesh—or else a mother.
They dipped in this huge pond and found it
An ocean of shipwrecked mariners instead,
Cried out and foundered, losing one another.

But some sailed into this haven Laughing, and completely undecided, Expecting nothing more Than the mad friendship of bodies, And farewells undisguised by pride:

THEY wrote those poems—the diminutives of madness While at a window some one stood and cried.

#### THE ENCOUNTER

IV.

At this the last yet second meeting, Almost the autumn was postponed for us— Season when the fermenting lovers lie Among the gathered bunches quietly.

So formal was it, so incurious: The chime of glasses, the explorer, The soldier and the secret agent With a smile inviting like a target.

Six of a summer evening, you remember.
The painful rehearsal of the smile
And the words: "I am going into a decline,
Promised by summer but by winter disappointed."

The face was turned as sadly as a hare's, Provoked by prudence and discretion to repeat: "Some of them die, you know, or go away. Our denials are only gestures—can we help it?"

Turn to another aspect of the thing.
The cool muslin dress shaken with flowers—
It was not the thought that was unworthy
Knowing all you knew, it was the feeling.

Idly turning from the offered tea I saw
As swimmers see their past, in the lamplight
Burning, particular, fastidious and lost
Your figure forever in the same place,
Same town and country, sorting letters
On a green table from many foreign cities,
The long hare's features, the remarkable sad face.

#### PETRON, THE DESERT FATHER

V.

Waterbirds sailing upon the darkness
Of Mareotis, this was the beginning:
Dry reeds touched by the shallow heaks he heard
On the sand trash of an estuary near Libya,
This dense yellow lake, ringing now
With the unsupportable accents of the Word.

Common among the commoners of promise
He illustrated to the ordinary those
Who found no meaning in the flesh's weakness—
The elegant psychotics on their couches
In Alexandria, hardly tempted him,
With talk of business, war and lovely clothes.

The lemon-skinned, the gold, the half-aware Were counters for equations he examined, Grave as their statues fashioned from the life; A pioneer in pleasure on the long Linen-shaded colonnodes be often heard Girls' lips puff in the nostrils of the fife.

Now dense as clouded urine moved the lake Whose waters were to be his ark and fort By the harsh creed of water-fowl and snake, To the wave-polished stone he laid his ear And said: "I dare not ask for what I hope, And yet I may not speak of what I fear."

#### THE RISING SON

VI.

Now the sun again, like a bloody convict, Comes up on us, the wheels of everything Hack and catch the luckless rising; The newly married, the despairing, The pious ant and groom, Open like roses in the darkened bed-room. The bonds are out and the debentures Shape the coming day's adventures, The revising of money by strategy or tears—

And here we lie like riders on a cloud Whom kisses only can inform In breath exhaling twenty-thousand years Of curses on the sun—but not too loud,

While the days of judgment keep, Lucky ladies sleek with sleep, Lucky ladies sleek with sleep.

#### **VISITATIONS**

VII.

Left like an unknown's breath on mirrors, The enchanters, the persuaders Whom the seasons swallow up, Only leave us ash in saucers, Or to mice the last invaders Open cupboard-doors or else Lipstick-marks upon a cup.

Fingerprint the crook of time, Ask him what he means by it, Eyes and thoughts and lovely bodies, David's singing, Daphne's wit Like Eve's apple undigested Rot within us bit by bit.

Experience in a humour ends, Wrapped in its own dark metaphor, And divining winter breaks:
Now one by one the Hungers creep Up from the orchards of the mind Here to trouble and confuse Old men's after-dinner sleep.

#### A PROSPECT OF CHILDREN

VIII

All summer watch the children in the public garden, The tribe of children wishing you were like them—These gruesome little artists of the impulse For whom the perfect anarchy sustains A brilliant apprehension of the present, In games of joy, of love or even murder On this green springing grass will empty soon A duller opiate, Loving, to the drains

Cast down like asterisks among their toys,
Divided by the lines of daylight only
From adventure, crawl among the rocking-horses,
And the totems, dolls and animals and rings
To the tame suffix of a nursery sleep
Where all but few of them
The restless inventories of feeling keep

Sleep has no walls Sleep admits
The great Imago with its terror, yet they lie
Like something baking, candid cheek on finger,
With folded lip and eye
Each at the centre of the cobweb seeking
His boy or girl, begotten and confined
In terror like the edges of a table
Begot by passion and confirmed in error

What can they tell the watcher at the window, Writing letters, smoking up there alone, Trapped in the same limitation of his growth And yet not envying them their childhood Since he endured his own?

#### Gerald Burke:

## ESSAY ON CHILDREN

The light changed and he mingled with the crowd that hurried across the street. He did not hurry with them, they brushed by him, bumped into him, and some of them looked at him in annoyed fashion that people who are busy employ for those who are not. But he did not see them, nor did he notice that he was an obstruction in their paths. Once, long ago, he recalled, the Lord rolled back the sea so that the Children of Israel might cross in safety. He wondered idly if all the children made it, or whether there was a laggard who was caught in the return of the waters?

It was a confusing sort of question. It was easier to stand in the door of the bakery and smell the warm freshness of the wonderful

things inside.

Every time the door opened, a gust of warm air encompassed him and the smell of the loaves and the buns and cakes lingered about his nostrils. While he had been in the army he had worked for a time in the bakery and now, with that experience, he decided he would try to separate the smells that came out the door. This was bread, a little stale, and this was the sweet roll with the maple nut icing, and this was the jelly roll, there was even a large jelly roll in the window, but he did not like jelly rolls. This smell was a fresh hard roll, or wait, perhaps it was not a hard roll. Perhaps it was a soft roll.

There was really no way of telling.

He thought he might go in and ask, but if one went in, one might be expected to buy. No, it would be better to try to get an opinion from someone who was not too interested in bakeries. Perhaps the man who sold papers would know, but after a moment he rejected that as absurd. Obviously the man was a tramp; he even had his overcoat tied about him, not with a belt, but with an old piece of rope that he had no doubt stolen from a packing box. Such a man would have no interest in whether hard rolls smelled different from soft rolls.

A great many people came out of the bakery door at once, and he was forced to move from his chosen spot, closer to the disreputable old man who sold newspapers. He noticed how the spittle had dried around the corners of the man's mouth, and he wanted to take out his handkerchief and wipe it off, but thought better of it.

Why should he care about this old man, who sold papers on the corner and wouldn't dress properly? Anyone knew that you should have a belt around your overcoat. He looked in annoyance at the papers the old man sold. They were stacked in a pile on the sidewalk, and the old man had a half brick on the top paper to keep the wind from blowing any of them away.

For a moment he studied the black headline, noticing the length of the words, and he decided that the headline would look much better if all the words, which had no meaning to him, were the same length. This way it gave a rather incoherent, jumbled look to the paper. The words above were evenly spaced, and the little print under was even; there were boxes on either side that were symmetrical too. It looked as though they had started well, but had become frightened when they got to the headline, and had done just any old thing so they could sell the paper to the people. He did not think this was right; if the paper had been started right, he might even have bought one. He didn't know why, but the thought gave him a feeling of assurance, a feeling that in a way he was showing the newspaper people that they could not put any old thing off onto the public.

Now a black overcoat brushed him aside, and went up to the man who sold the papers. A little saliva ran out the corners of the old man's mouth as he reached down and removed the brick and handed the black overcoat the top paper. Then he replaced the

brick and the man handed him something.

It was a strange procedure; as the black overcoat moved away, he looked at this new paper upon which the brick rested. With disappointment, he saw that it was just the same as the one that had been in its place a few moments ago.

This decided him; he would have nothing more to do with the man. Anything was better than an old man who sold the same newspaper to people. He could at least have used a whole brick; his aunt had told him that people were having a hard time to get work, and here was the reason. People were using only half a brick at a time!

What nonsense was this? He was disgusted. It would appear that the representative of the people had been asleep or this would never have occured. The people should never have let it happen. Half a brick indeed.

He was grateful that his aunt had mentioned this lack of work to him, or he might have worried about it at some future time. Thinking of her, he automatically reached into his pocket for the sandwiches she had made for him. He stopped in the middle of the sidewalk, as he realized that they were gone. He had been robbed! Someone had stolen his sandwiches!

He remembered them perfectly; there had been one made of a fried egg; he remembered this one especially because a little of the lacy part of the white egg had extended out over the edge of the sandwich and he had trimmed it off. Then there had been one made of peanut butter and jelly, because his aunt remembered how he had always liked them when he was a little boy, and there was one made of butter and beans. He hadn't cared too much for the one with the beans; in the army they had never put beans in a sandwich.

People were bumping and shoving him again, but the sense of loss was so great that he did not care. One could not go on without sandwiches; his aunt had made a point of his taking them, for as she said, hunting a job was hard and he might get tired walking around.

Yes, he was so sure of it all!

And yet they were gone. He recalled that this was an old loss, but he could not believe it, and he reached his hand into all of his pockets. He found in one of his coat pockets a piece of waxed paper like the ones which his aunt had used to wrap the sandwiches, and as he turned it over he noticed a little piece of peanut butter and jelly sticking to it.

The thief had taken the sandwich right out of the paper. This was too much; the man yesterday, with the two gold teeth had said that this winter there would be a great many people who would go hungry. He immediately suspected him of stealing the sandwiches. He looked again carefully at the paper. It had been wadded up, and did not look as though the sandwiches had been slipped out, but rather as though they had been taken out, eaten, and then the paper wadded up and carefully put back in his pocket. Thus it could not have been Gold Teeth; Gold Teeth had told him right away that he had no need of him.

But he had made him feel good because he said he understood the returned soldier. He said his son had been a lieutenant colonel in the air corps, and had just come home and he understood all his problems. He said he thought it was terrible the things they had to go through in the army and he said he knew these

things because his son had told him.

No, it could not have been Gold Teeth. He decided that this problem was beyond him. It was crushing to remember that his sandwiches were gone. He was not hungry, but his aunt had given them to him to eat when he did get hungry, and he hated to disappoint her. It would do no good for him to try to think the thing out, because he had tried that several times in the past. Just yesterday when he was sitting on the park bench and the little birds were pecking around on the ground in front of him, he had wanted to give them a little crumb from one of the sandwiches . . . he was sure his aunt would not mind . . . but the sandwiches had been gone, and try as he might he could not make a solution to fit their disappearance. No, no, there was no use in trying to figure it out. He simply could not do it.

He stood for a moment in the lee of the green waste paper receptacle and watched the people go by. He was not so lighthearted as he had been; the loss weighed heavily on him. There was a policeman on the corner a little distance from him; he might tell the policeman about his loss. He recognized this as the correct procedure; the law was a body set up to take care of things like that, for instance, if you got your sandwiches stolen, a policeman should get them back for you, and then there would be a judge who would see to it that there was some punishment given to the person who stole them. But something caused him to hang back . . . he was not sure exactly what it was.

He was reassured by the fact that the policeman wore a uniform; his experience of the years past had been entirely with people in uniforms of one sort or another, but at the same time he felt that

the policeman was a little different. It was hard to put his finger on the difference; a little of it was caused by the play he had seen the policeman enact, yesterday, or maybe the day before. There had been a long line of people marching slowly up and down on the sidewalk, and they carried big lettered signs. He had found it highly entertaining to wach them, because they were all sorts of people, and some of them were pretty girls, and some of the signs had red lettering on them, and red was his favorite color. One of the girls had a red sweater, too, and she was one of the ones the policeman had taken away in the police car, and there were others that had been hurt by the policeman, so that they bled on the sidewalk, and the blood dried and got rather brown. It was a bad play, because not everyone knew just what to do. He had noticed one man especially, because a policeman had hit him in the face with his club, and when the man covered his face with his hands and bent over, the policeman hit him on the back of the head, where he had a little bald spot, and the man fell down on his face. He didn't move any more, but just lay there on the sidewalk and after awhile two policemen carried him away.

It had been rather hard to understand, because there seemed to be little point to it, but experience had taught him that many things in the army were done without knowing why, and it could be pos-

sible that civilian life was the same.

He wondered if the policemen liked to do that sort of thing, or if they did it, because, like soldiers, they were ordered to do so. He himself had never liked to shoot people with his gun in the army, and when they taught him to use a knife, he thought it a little ridiculous, because he knew he would never be able to stick the knife into anyone, but later on he found that it was very necessary to stick the knife into some people, before they stuck knives into you. Perhaps the policemen were just protecting themselves from some future attack. That might be the solution; at least it made him feel better to think that he had solved this problem even if he could not solve the disappearance of the sandwiches.

It had become dark and the street lights went on up and down the street. He thought it made the street more attractive than before, and at any rate it was something new. He noted that the lights were in perfect symmetry as far as he could see, and this pleased him, because his experience with the newspaper had left him with a distinct dislike for anything but symmetry.

It was about this time that he began to feel a little hungry, and

he wondered what he would do for food tonight. He did not relish the thought of getting it like he had last night, because the people had thought him a beggar, and he had no intention of letting anyone get that idea. There was no need for it, because as the man had told them all they were great fellows, and everyone was proud of what they had done for their country, and there was no need for any of them ever to be ashamed that they had worn the uniform of a soldier, and every citizen was very glad they had come home safely after such a trying time. No, he was not a beggar, and there was no sense in acting like one. But there must have been something in the man's speech that he had missed.

It had seemed so pleasant that night at the dinner, and everything was different, with so many lights, and such a lot of dishes and knives and forks. He was quite unused to that, and he remembered that he had felt quite proud that he had not caused his aunt any

embarrassment.

Perhaps if he were just to walk into the store and pick up what he wanted to eat, and then walk out, they would not say anything to him. Perhaps he could even pay money for something. He felt in his pocket for his money and brought it out. He had four pennies, two of them copper and two of them the silvery pennies in use now. He did not care much for the silvery pennies; they were all right when they were new, but later they got very dull looking and dirty. He speculated about the four pennies-what could he buy with them, he was not sure just what things cost four pennies, perhaps nothing did. If there was nothing that cost four pennies he would be embarrassed to show them to the clerk and then not buy anything. But he felt that he must spend his four pennies; other people were spending their money, and he who had four pennies was not. It was not quite the right thing to do, because if they who had so much were spending theirs, the least he could do would be to spend his. It was a question of economics.

He was undecided whether he should take a whole loaf of bread or just a part of one. In time he could eat a whole one, but not all at once. And then there was the matter of what kind; there were so many kinds of bread. At last he chose one with a red wrapper, and tucked it under his arm. Now he must find some milk, because that was to be his meal for tonight. He remembered many times when as a small boy he had had bread and milk for supper, and it had always tasted very good. Now he had his milk, and he must decide what he would buy with the four pennies. He looked around

for something that might cost four pennies, but the marks on the cans and the packages were hard to decipher. He thought he would not take a chance, but wait until he found something that he knew cost four pennies. Perhaps a drug store would have something like that; drug stores had so many things.

There seemed to be something wrong back in the store, for a man was shouting and crying about something, but it was none of his affair. He was busy now himself, trying to find a place to stop and eat his bread and milk. He wanted quiet and peace for his meal, but he could not find it here with these people milling around, and the man from the store shouting and even the policeman.

He hesitated for a moment; he might go up to the policeman and ask about that little incident he had seen, just for his own satisfaction, to prove that he had thought the thing out correctly. But he decided to go on, because apparently the policeman was very busy. He clutched the bread and the milk under his arm and hurried on, paying no attention to the stares of people as he pushed by them.

He was annoyed that the policeman should get in his way and try to stop him; he tried to get around the fellow, because he had made up his mind not to ask about the man who had been hit on the sidewalk, nor about the girl in the red sweater, although red was his favorite color. But this policeman held onto him and hurt his arm and almost made him drop the loaf of bread. He could not jerk away without endangering his food. The words the policeman was saying were getting louder and more insistent now, and he wondered why the man didn't go away and stop bothering him. Now there were two of them and they were both tugging and yelling, and the milk and the bread fell to the sidewalk, and the milk carton broke open and the white milk ran away in three long legs, and part of it ran down the little groove in the sidewalk, and some of it ran off into the gutter.

He was sorry about the milk, because it would have been very good to drink along with his bread . . . the policeman should not do this because it would have been very good to drink along with his food, and he had been going to eat it. Jerking people around was not the way to get anywhere, you must have consideration and be kind to them. He got one hand free and swung it in an arc at the policeman's throat, and the man fell down making peculiar noises

in his mouth.

They had taught him this in the army and had said that if you did it right you could kill a man. He wondered if the policeman

would die. In a way, the policeman looked very much like the man with the little bald spot, as he lay there on the sidewalk. But now the other policeman was jerking him around even more, and trying to get his arms behind him. The other policeman had a club, and he had no wish to have the club aimed at his head at any time. He was becoming tired of this business of policemen anyway, and since he had no desire but to eat his supper and go his way, he did not see that this was to his advantage. He thought he would use another little trick the army had taught him, so he pulled quickly at one of the man's arms until it was over his shoulder and the policeman was behind him. Then he gave a quick yank, and there was a little crack and the policeman made a great cry and fell screaming to his knees with his arm bent backward.

It was really a ridiculous thing to see, and he wondered if the people who had taught him that in the army had ever seen how foolish a man looked when he had his arm bent backwards.

But he would not waste time here; he pushed past the little crowd of people that were stumbling around and ran down the street. There was an alley that looked dark and quiet, so he turned down that, and he saw that some of the crowd ran after him shouting. A truck moved slowly down the alley and he jumped quickly into the back end and lay down panting on some soft material that was in the truck. The truck turned out onto a bright street and in a few moments slowed to a stop. He slipped out of the truck and ran over to the sidewalk.

The effort of running had winded him, and he rested for a little, leaning against the front of a store, and watched the people go by. He did not want people to chase him any more, nor did he want any more policemen to bother him. He would never ask them any more questions now; he did not think they would know the answers anyway. It came to him suddenly that perhaps the law did not always protect people, that perhaps order was not perfect, and authority infallible, because, had it been, certainly it would have been allowed that he might go his way and eat his bread and milk. He had been stopped in one of the most necessary functions of a human being by a subordinate, for he knew with startling clarity that the policeman must be the servant of the people, and was he not one of the people?

It was then, that he was either wrong in being alive and attempting to continue so, or else the servant of the people had erred. He was not sure that the fact that a majority of the people ate so that they might continue living would be enough to prove the policeman wrong and he right. He was unsure of himself in the matter of majorities, because he had found in the army that the majority often conflicted violently with the minority, but he had never seen the majority, and often pointed to their numbers as a proof of their unfailing accuracy. Clearly a majority was not an infallible guide to right; what other reasons then, could be found in defense of his desire to eat?

The answer must lie within himself, he thought, for if he were to judge by others, the answer would be immediately apparent, and he had already discarded this. Then there was the one thing, that was to ask oneself why one eats, and to find the answer. In order that one can live, and then one comes to the real question, why must one live?

It was a huge question, and extremely perplexing, and he felt that it might be too large a question for him. After all, he had been a very litle man all his life, and had been only a private first class in the army, which was not considerable rank, and it was entirely possible that it was not his province to trouble himself with questions like that. Perhaps he should be more interested in what the sailor and the dark-haired girl were doing in the unlighted doorway of the hardware store. The sailor's short coat was open and almost covered both of them.

Something stirred within him, and he smiled a tiny smile, because once he had had a girl like this, who had stood and kissed him, and had given him something to think about when he was in strange places where the people spoke a peculiar tongue and alternately spat and waved at him and his comrades.

He would like to have her with him now, because they could talk about some of the things that troubled him, and he might put his arm around her waist as they talked; he had done this before, and he had kissed her, and she had stood on her tip-toes when she kissed him. He could remember that quite well, and it made him feel that he and the sailor were in some way closer together; and it was a good feeling and even a comparatively new feeling. But he considered that it was scarcely worthwhile pausing too long over the thought, because he was sure that the sailor would not be able to appreciate his discovery, and might even be annoyed at the fact that he had found anything in common with him. No, it would be best to go away from here quickly.

He realized as he walked along that he had been trying to hide

from answering the question he had asked himself, and he was a little ashamed, because he had always been truthful.

No, one could not so easily run away from something so important and he wondered why he had never asked himself that same question before. It appeared to be a very easy question, but was difficult to dispose of, because he could not, try as he would, come to any conclusion.

A thunderous thought struck him, and he was quite shaken and little drops of sweat came out on his forehead, and he felt uncomfortably cold, and his legs felt a little unsure, so that he thought he had better lean on the corner of the building. The sharp bricks pressed against him through his coat, and the pain felt almost pleasant.

He ran one hand over the bricks, and across the place where the gray mortar joined them, and a little of the crumbly stuff came off and gritted under his finger. He brushed the minute particles off his finger with his other hand, and looked at the place he had rubbed. It had not changed; no, it was the same. The building still stood, and yet, he had taken a little part of it away, a part that a moment ago he would have said was quite necessary to that building. Even the man who had built the building had thought that he must have that little part there, and had probably taken great pains to see that it was put there, and had paid other men to see that it was done right, and the wives of these other men had got up early in the morning to fix lunches for the men so that they might remain strong and build a good building and put this little part into it. And he had proved that it was not necessary and that they had all been wrong, and quite surely, now, he began to see the outline of certain fallacies in the way people thought and the way they lived. He stooped down to look for the little fragments he had taken from the building, but he knew he would never find them, because, after all, there was no need of them, they had made no difference one way or another, and so they would not be there, or anywhere, for that matter.

He stood now at the corner, and watched the cars race past, and saw the people cross the street as the light changed, and the cars were held back as though by some omnipotent hand. When the light changed again, and the motors roared, he stepped out into the street and instantly all knowledge was his, and he knew that one Israelite had outwitted God and welcomed to his breast the crush of the returning waters.

#### **Richard Moore:**

# A HISTORY PRIMER

Four times the polar pendulum had swung ice across Egypt, glaciers moving heavily from the north lay in their brutal sleep upon the earth. Four times the ice melted and water covered the unused land. Here, the dark children were born with an uneasy memory of an inundation. Later, they were to buy their way among the dead with charms.

The sun was recognized, the priests wrote, "He arose with healing in his wings." Kings assailed the instability of spirit with carefully quarried stone. Osiris entered the people's houses with their bread. The ice was not to come again nor the inundation,

but peoples and cities shifted, Osiris became a forlorn household god, Gizeh declined, and engineering failed. The dark children deserted the tombs of their fathers.

The jackal howls on the drifted sand in the broken temple. The jackal-headed god is a lost wind among pillars.

Whose shadow writhes upon the desert floor amid the wind's howl and the blowing sand and the beasts?

Time's fictions, the great stones, wear in the wind. We are there, and the shadows in that dry land answer the pleading of our hands.

We are there. We are nowhere in time, but we are there, for a desert in time is everywhere.

Cities and peoples arise, go under in the endless drift of sand; buildings of state, steeples, the kiss, the greeting, the grin fade, fall, vanish within the spatial immensity inconceivable except as everything or nothing.

We are free upon a sinking level. Time's faceless progeny are many and are one; phylogeny defeats ontogeny's conceits.

\* \* \*

Half-drowned under the moraine of sleep, from the massed weight of the blue fluid light, in which the cupped stroke and haul of the swimmer avails not, one rises face upward through frail light which breaks and makes with its breaking a world of wonder in the eye's amber unwrinkled sea.

Dawn's edge came cold with the chill obsidian edge of spears, old stone, the sacrificial will, the fear, near, alive, the lust, unfilled.

The darkness deepens, dark inside and out, black snouts of shadows nuzzle the sand, the cold shadows of the pyramids. The sun is up, the light is out, the desert is cold. Everywhere under the sun are signs of a race run, done.

The axle of the fiery wheel, the sun, breaks on the hilltop, time, will not run, is stopped still.

In the first declension of the breath, death has widened his original dimension.

The dark children in the darker shade relive the error their fathers made; terror retells his fable of the oaken cradle.

The season changes and the red vines burn on the hillside.

The vines are red where refugees again stare at the strange towns.

The seas are not yet bombed from their great basins, the people persist.

The human event, the fate, the fear remain predictable Only in the most general of generalities, like seasons. The wind is up and sand covers the suburbs of the cities.

We have counted the number of days by the dead, one death for every day.

It is, perhaps, that time passes through us like a winter's wind, Leaving us raw, root-shaken, holding to hysteria as mistress Of that grey field we wake to every day. We wake with weeping.

Move on. Hurry. Already the familiar has become as another country. Hurry. In the failing light our weakeyed watches lose their sight. Quick. Quick. Draw up the drowned straw-god from the blue Phonecian sea.

Move on. Move on. From room to room. From chaos to chaos to chaos

To complete illusion, of partial beauty, of partial resurrection, At last, in the lone, longing, lovely, image riddled mind.

# N U D E S BY JIM FITZSIMONS

these Photographs utilize the latest developments of solarized photography directly on the photographic negative without retouching, carrying the creative possibilities of photography even into the hitherto restricted field of line-drawings.







#### David Stuart:

### THE INFLAMMABLE ANGEL KEZIA

#### A FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time there lived a King and his three daughters Hedwig, Avis and Kezia, in a brownstone castle shaped too much like a glass anvil not to be one. Two months after the Queen died Hedwig was born, preceding Avis by a month and sixteen days. Kezia, the youngest, was born on the first Sunday after the first Monday after the vernal equinox, a thing she deplored as she was often mistaken for a parti-colored iron egg. Because the "Divine Right of Kings" prevented more than a scattering of arched eyebrows by these untimely births, let us, therefore, pass beyond the subject to look more fully at the daughters.

Hedwig had brown eyes, Toltec legs, a patchwork quilt belly and a proletarian ass—the eyes of the esnes were fixed upon it. She loved sally lunns, tonka beans and ripe fruit of the seedless

variety. She was moonstruck!

Avis, on the other hand, suffered megalocephalia to such a degree the doors of the castle were fashioned like great keyholes to accommodate her passage. She wore heavy ribbed woolen stockings in the summer and a string of green peppers in winter; turned her eyes neither to the right nor to the left; played with small members of the rodent family, such being unobtainable, with herself; and had lewd words tattooed on her oaken breasts. Avis was unhinged!

Kezia, the youngest, was far and away the loveliest; her orchid eyes were like an umlaut, sad and reflective. She had pink and ceriferous ears, osmotic nipples and a prurient whatdoyoucallit. Kezia's sex life was anthropophagical—and often. She wore a purple cestus about her waist, ate naught but fat grapes and cried loudly into the wind. Kezia was wonderful.

Hedwig, Avis and Kezia—three little bites from the apple of their father's sex; three beauteous segments of the withered orange BUMPSY—BOOM; six cast-iron paps on the buffalo Chips; twenty stale fingers to the nose of MOANIN' ONAN; three adits in the hairy catacombs of mincing monkeys; eight coruscant herring in an aluminum mire (Al: at. no., 13; at. wt., 26.97); eerht stnuc, alivealive-OH!

There are several methods of story telling; (1) The Round, (2) as the ancient Red Skins did, (3) with the Australian Crawl, and (4) dialectically, as this tale is now being told. For this reason I must take the time to establish a certain amount of background for Hedwig, Avis and Kezia. The artless way is to hold a conch to your ear and let you hear the words of God—but the artless I loath. I will hold the conch to my ear and tell you of what I hear.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! I also get a delicate sensation of sly feet moving across my ear drum quite like a Sally Lightfoot crab. Finally, I hear the wail of birth commingled with that of dogs barking and goose farts.

"God!" I call. There is no answer.

"God!" Still no answer. I must do it on my own.

The King was born in a stable but grasped his bootstraps and pulled himself above the level of his station. However, he never quite succeeded in removing all the dung from his bootsoles and so left blots wherever he walked. Not long after this he made his way to the kitchen, upended a chunky maid dressed in old spice and scar tissue, did youknowwhat, and was forced to marry the wench. Fortune smiled upon this pair in the form of a fairy godmother, a bitch of the first water with a flowing blue beard and teeth like a toilet seat. She raised her wand, made several rapid motions, spit, belched and purged the brownstone castle. The King and his wife lived happily for three years before he discovered Her sunning Herself beside a brook. He returned to the castle, filled his bride's veins with lies and iron filings, trepanned her skull and plugged it with orange bloosoms and stood her in a corner where she stands to this day a bronze memory. Two months after this the King and his Brook-Love wept with joy at the sight of baby Hedwig-then Avis and finally Kezia.

Oh, Kezia, my mental succubus, frog skin of love, cracked mirror of algolagnia—why did you stray, why did you leave me to listen to the curlew's cry. Why have you crossed the icicles without me; what can have possessed you to hunt the nocturnal megrim, the flowering ignis fatuus. Oh! osmotic nippled one, leave your igloo and your phantoms, brush aside the brass cobwebs and return to your

lover. Lycanthropy, the lynx-eyed decapod, cheese omelets, the mock-moon-have you forgotten all these. Omophagist with ancient habits, buccal baby of mine—KEZIA, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME! don't stop to loiter, KEZIA, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME HOME!

Not far from the brownstone castle there lived a gent named Brian the Warrior, a megalomaniacal sword swallower. His left hand was a wrath, his right hand a hazel nut; his eyes were lemon peel and his mouth an enigma. Brian wore his bones on the outside and his nimbus athwart; dressed in sackcloth and sashes with a cauterized luxuriance. He slept in his p-js and passed water quite freely; he rode the wild nightmare and fingered his sisters. Can you blame Kezia for falling in love!

One day Brian the Warrior shouldered his crossbow, mounted his lurid white horse and set forth into the forest to hunt the cony. He rode sidesaddle—a thing to ponder. Before he had picked up the trail of a limp-legged cony, the track's pattern being—Ting-Ting-Ting-Plunk! Ting-Ting-Plunk! Though it was obvious the rabbit was not worth the candle, Brian followed the trail with the eye of a wooden Indian and soon found himself deep into the forest. However, he had dropped kernels of hominy in his wake to mark his return route and so was without fear. Stupid boy! Didn't you see the hawks!

In the meantime, what about Kezia; what was she doing; why was she not with her sisters as they played strip poker; why was she not reciting her Matins? Yes, what about Kezia? Well, Kezia was — — — —

WAIT! What is this! The limplegged rabbit's trail has ended as abruptly as though the furry animal had been swallowed by a boa! And the tracks have become those of a HUMAN! Brian reins in his horse so suddenly the beast slides upon its hindquarters sending sparks flashing through the forest. He leaps to the ground and crouches as with a belly ache to make himself inconspicuous.

You Boob! What hides your nakedness for you failed to put on your clothes before you left! And you are not a pretty sight, to say the least! This is the first time I have seen you undressed and you are not the hero for this tale, you pimply adolescent. You cheat! Why, you have yet to sprout pubic hair! And you're knock-kneed! And splay-toed! You're skinny! A rubber flatus! My God! Y-O-U

#### H-A-V-E N-O S-E-X!

Get out of here and go on home! Return to your toys and lessons! And wash the back of your neck, you fraud! BRIAN, THE WARRIOR, INDEED! YOU STINK, BROTHER!

Now that Brian the Unwarrior has exposed himself to ridicule—I knew there was something odd about his sidesaddle business—Kezia leaps from behind the flowering oak, where she was hidden, and weeps. The tears stream down her body like pears falling from an overladen branch. In the distance an alligator moans sympathetically. Kezia, O Kezia, weep not for Brian. Look—he stands before you a shamefaced youth unable to conceive a love like yours. He feels nothing but sandy opprobrium; a beefwitted humbugger who did not get the expected electric train for Christmas because he picks his nose; a hairless jockstrap—a simpering bedpan! Kezia—my onion skin bride, my elastic baby—weep no more!

Brian falls to his knobby knees, draws two agates from his pouch and plays at "knucks down". The marbles clank like wooden legs beating on a zithern. The forest resounds with the ululating of mastiffs as they enter the oestrous cycle full tilt. A pine tree, struck by lightning, falls on Brian's eggshell head and mashes him into the green mud of his desire. A horde of cretin Nibelungs purge themselves and Kezia lifts her skirts to escape the flowing coprolite. The Virgin wets her pants.

"Kezia!" the voice of God cries. "Kezia—come unto me—I am the shepherd."

Kezia cups a fleshy claw to her ear and avidly listens to the wind's sigh.

"Kezia—my lamb—come unto me," the voice calls.

My kidneys turn to lead and bleed as she walks toward the voice.

"Kezia—Kezia," softly it calls.

Suddenly she stops and before I can grab her she is aflame. Her eyes smile at me as I throw myself over her like a rug—BUT SHE IS NO MORE! In anguish I tear hairs from my head and fling them to the ground. They tinkle in B-flat.

High above me in the purple sky I see a great breast which winks as it floats upward and out of sight.

Kezia! Kezia! My skin flakes and falls to the blood soaked earth. Kezia—Kezia—my glacial daffodil—Kezia—Kezia!

There is no answer but the chattering of glass magpies.

### C. F. MacIntyre:

# The Ars Poetica of Paul Valery

After the publication of La Jeune Parque in 1917 Valéry found himself in the position of a sculptor who has chiseled a large statue and has no shrine in which to house it. So, very methodically, as is his way, he erected about the young goddess a white temple, supported by the shimmering Cantique des Colonnes, a dialogue between the columns and the poet which demands excerpts:

Harmonious columns, with capitals day adorns, embellished with real birds who walk around the turns,

sweet columns, orchestra of distaffs! Everyone sacrifices its silence to be in unison.

What do you bear so high, equals in radiance? 'Desire of faultlessness in our studied elegance!

'We are singing all together that we bear up the skies!
O solitary grave voice who are singing for the eyes!

... 'We have been awakened from our beds of crystal, and we are now invested by these bands of metal.

'That we outbrave the moon, the moon and the sun's glow, everything's polished us like the nail of the great toe!

...'A temple above the eyes blind for eternity, we go without the gods toward divinity!

. . . 'Strong with the laws of the sky, daughters of golden numbers, a honey-colored god falls upon us and slumbers.'

Then the poet changes his rhyme scheme to conclude:

... 'We are walking into time and our bodies shine with steps ineffable which appear in the fables' . . . .

The poem is finished with points de suspension, less informal than an ampersand, so it is still marching along toward a literary eternity. And there it belongs, for its music can almost be reproduced in English! If the poet did not find these columns in Athena, I like to think he used some of those around Agrigentum, maybe those of the temple of Hercules, because Pindar sang of this city as the 'most beautiful of mortal towns.'

The peristyle is prepared. Now the architect makes two doors, Aurore and Palme for his book entitled Charmes, and ensconces La Pythie as a half-mad priestess near the shrine. The prose poem

which concludes his Album de Vers Anciens might be used as a guide book. Here are fragments from L'Amateur de Poèmes: . . . Instantly invalid because it is spontaneous, thought, by its very nature, lacks style . . . The poet cannot work every day . . . A poem expresses an established law . . . The mechanics, the sonorities and their concussions are planned in meditation and arranged in accordance with the demands of surprise and harmony . . . The poem is written with pleasure, under rational control, almost without effort, a thought strangely completed.'

Valéry constantly insists in his critical writing on the necessity for self-discipline; he worships the white, silver-voiced nymph who informed the work of Racine and La Fontaine. Since this quality is the essence of the French genius, one can understand why, despite the especially tailored uniform and the gratuitous attack on the former occupant of the chair for an Immortal, the Académie fran-

caise welcomed him to its ranks.

Aurore and Palme, the rubric and colophon of the work, are written in the ten-line strophes of Racine's Cantiques spirituels and the odes of Malherbe. The short lines have a breathless quality. Twins in meter, verse-form and length, these poems contain an excellent explanation of the poet's psycho-physiological theories of composition. Quite in the classic manner, three demi-goddesses are brought into the first poem: Confidence, Prudence, and Hope. Allow me to break the continuity of the poem, given in its entirety, by running comment.

#### DAWN

The morose disturbance which served for sleep is gone, vanished at the appearance of the rose of the sun. In my soul I advance, all winged with confidence: the day's first orison! Scarcely clear of the sand. boldly I make some grand strides on the pathway of reason.

The poet wakens after a bad night, rubs sleep from his eyes, and under the afflatus of morning assumes a rational mood. He is going

to write.

Friendly similes, hail! Sparkling among the thin words—from slumber still pale, you with the smiles that are twins! By basketfuls I shall gather you, in the loud pother of the bees, and my giddy prudence has whitely put, on the trembling rung, her foot on the gilded ladder already.

He goes out into the garden of his imagination and finds his material ready at hand: the brilliant similes and the smiling twins of rhyme. Prudence, a charming French nymph accoutered, one takes it, with critical pruning shears, climbs the nervous ladder around which the humming bees symbolize as always the labor of the floral harvest.

What a dawn on these hill-tops which are beginning to shudder! Already stretching in groups, they who seemed to slumber: one yawns and another shines, a lazy one entwines in her shell comb a choice dream which nearby lingers, waylaying it with vague fingers as the premises of her voice

From the misty hills advance the Ideas, pleasant young goddesses, sleepy perhaps, but with nothing of the stupid languor of the odalisques and bathers of Ingres. These are as real as the dancers of Degas who hitch up their stockings, scratch their backsides, or tie ballet slippers, and they are scarcely less convincing than some of the more charming harlots of Lautrec.

What! is it you, rumpled trulls?
What did you do last night,
Ideas, mistresses of my soul,
courtesans out of spite?
—And they answer, always clever:
Our immortal prescences never
yet have betrayed your roof!
Secretly all night through
we span our webs, not aloof,
but deep in the darkness of you.

More like an indulgent father than a jealous lover, the poet playfully upbraids them on their dishabille. But they know all the answers: We didn't leave the house for a single minute. All night we were working away in the webs of your Freudian dreams. So much for these very modern young women! They continue:

of joy! From the dark to see issue a hundred thousand silk suns on your enigmatic tissue?

See, what we've done is this: over your abyss we have stretched our primitive threads and have taken bare Nature in a spare loom of preparatives.

You old stogy! they are teasing him. Can't you ever let yourself go and feel the Dionysiac joy of creation when we've been working over-time among your dream associations to get something ready for you? But the stern classicist always, Valéry mistrusts such accidental felicities.

I break their spiritual
web and go to hunt
in my forest sensual
the oracle of my chant.
Being! Cosmic ear!
With the uttermost of desire
my soul unites . . . and hears
herself shivering,
and often my lips appear
to have caught her quivering.

6

He will have none of these caprices. When he writes he wants to be awake, so he plunges into the forest of his alert senses. His soul—and by that he means the stimulations from thyroid and adrenal activity rather than anything which might wear a future halo—is in accord with his wish to create.

So his reason goes to look over its rich domain.

7 Here my vines are shady,
the cradles of my chances!
The images are so many,
they are equal to my glances . . .
each leaf tendering
to me an obliging spring
whence I drink this frail fruit . . .

each kernel, all pulp implicit, every calyx solicits that I await its fruit.

Each rich cluster of experience may contain the right hazard, his good luck; all is potential harvest for him. 'Nothing is ever lost,' said Rilke. But the free offerings of the subconscious shall have no place in these classical verses. The very difficulty of composition as an act of volition is represented by the thorns in the next stanza:

8 I do not fear the spines!
The warning is good though severe!
These ideal rapines
do not want anyone to be sure:
to ravish a world is no wound
so sharp and profound
that may not to the ravisher
be a fecund wound that would
assure him by his own blood
of being the real possessor.

See how these difficulties, the pleasure of obstacles overcome, afford the creator an almost masochistic pleasure in the pain involved in his struggle for perfection! Man has not the light-handed invulnerability of the gods but must make his seizures with prudence. These are the 'pleasures in poetic pains.'

9 I approach the limpid of the invisible glade, the pool where my Hope is swimming, borne on the breast of the flood. Her neck cuts the misty air and raises this wave which prepares her a matchless collar. She feels that beneath the wave flows boundless profundity, and she shudders from her toes.

Valéry errs gravely here. No poet has the right to change mataphors in his last stanza. He has been picking flowers or fruit throughout, and I don't like to meet this bathing beauty when I have my mind on something else. But here is his last demi-goddess swimming along so swiftly that her neck, like a prow, creates a collar of foam—almost like a tribute offered by matter as the creative will conquers it. I

must disagree here with Rilke's interpretation when he translates lines 5-8 as

Ihr Hals reicht in schwankende Zeiten und laesst in der Flut jenes Gleiten, das ein herrlicher Hals schafft, entstehen . . .

because Hope swims too fast to allow the water to cast a reflection of her neck. She raises a wave at the cutwater of her eagerness. But the final lines of the poem connect its creation with the fundamental urge of the universe. The girl's shudder is from the ecstasy of comprehension rather than from the chill of the depths. No goddess would have cold feet.

On the whole, *Aurore* is a delicately constructed door into the depths of Valéry's temple of art.

#### II

Several of the shorter poems of *Charmes* are so linked with the foregoing theme that they demand brief citation. In the grotesque *Poésie* the poet finds himself suckled at the downy breast of the Muse herself—although such a mixture of milk and feathers would certainly frustrate any lesser hunger. In the climax he is carried breathlessly along by a great tide; he praises this marvelous vein of ore and forgets the idea of death. Then he is suddenly haled back to reality by the goddess when the flow stops and she announces: You have bitten me so fiercely that my heart has turned dry!' Biting a lady, for shame! You may be a poet, M. Valéry, but you were in this instance no gentleman! *Les Pas* reads like a letter to some mistress. He hears the advancing footsteps, silent and cold, near the bed of expectation, and he warns her that if she intends to give him the power of willed creation she must hurry the fond gesture, for he lives always awaiting her advent.

La Pythie is a more difficult and serious poem, the study of the conflict between the maddening effect of ecstacy (the pallid Romantics called it 'inspiration,' 'the fine frenzy of the rolling eye') and the rational Apollonian fiat which must triumph if true creation is to be attained. Several English lady critics of both sexes have mistakenly declared this poem is a hymn to woman's body, but it is merely a practical Frenchman's adaption of a handy symbol to express a mental function. Valéry's description of Le Jeune Parque as 'a course in physiology'—a leg-pulling interpretation at best—

seems to have confused them. That poem has nothing to do with the present theme.

La Pythie represents a priestess, hence, a poet or a medium, if you will, in whom a crisis is going on: the crisis of a struggle between the obsession by a daemon and the posession by a god. 'Genius is to madness near allied.' The priestess, the Pythoness of Delos, is intoxicated by the fumes from the subterranean grotto. Panting, she breathes forth fire. Her eyeballs are hung on the summits of horror. Her crazy shadow, ruled by a major demon, dances like a phantom swimmer on the walls of the shrine. As she twitches in a cold sweat, already the force of une Intelligence adultère, the control by the god, begins to function. (Even the Young Fate yields finally to the sun-god as did the harmonious columns.) The flatulence, the false preganacy of a virgin womb, worries the priestess with a natural female fear; yet her spirit, no longer defended by her body, is compelled to soar skyward. This shrine is hers and she refuses to voice the oracle bursting through the gaseous cleft. Already its utterance is tearing her tongue. As a virgin about to be sacrificed upon the altar of a conquered body she resents the spiritual pressure applied by Apollo. Stanza 7 affords difficulties. Apparently it is an adjuration to the sterile moon, perhaps a swan-song of violated spiritual virginity. Her personal entity rebells at becoming a writhing serpent: this is probably the poet's symbolic use of the female principle protesting once more, though futilely, against receiving the determining die of form, the male principle. With typical undisciplined and romantic egoism, she asks memory to search for that power which drew its energy from within: id est, she rebells against critical restraint. Here follows the lament of her now maculate body which once possessed itself. In stanza 10, Valéry, like most French artists, lets himself go and produces a little rhapsody on feminine charms similar to that in the dawn-mood of the Young Fate. In fact, in his whole book I can remember no woman clothed in anything but a veil or single floating robe. It is his form of strip-tease of which the famous line Dormeuse, amas doré d'ombres et d'abandons in the sonnet, La Dormeuse, is his best. Next the priestess goes through the crisis of her spasm. The star of her sad frenzy has risen, and she must receive the rapture. She deplores that when an ass's body might have been used to hive the honey of the god, her unstained 'conch' must be subjected to blue stigmata, aromatics, and herpetic decor, and she questions an Almighty Creatrix-something like the Mothers in Faust, Part II—if this is just. Yet suddenly, in stanza 15, she admits that afterwards a new clarity may rise in the troubled waters of her spirit:

Still water has purer form than its ancestral storm of confused profundity!

This seems to indicate a sort of spiritual katharsis by means of discipline and ripeness. But she cannot escape the all-penetrating lightning which flashes the liberate and divine utterance. The frenzy of poetic possession continues through several stanzas. She weeps, gazes into the darkness, hears the rivers of her blood as the moment nears. Then the union of her two natures takes place at the nape of her neck in a voluptuous crest. The living doors are thrown open and the flock of fears, the cowards from the subconscious, leap from the dismal stable where they have fed on her gloom. They come forth to the golden light—evil counterparts of the Ideas in *Aurore* and her madness now subsides. A new voice, the oracle of the god speaking through her, is heard:

a voice young and white from this impure body escapes.

Holy LANGUAGE, honor of Men prophetic speech, ornate mesh where the god led astray in the flesh is bound in lovely chains, munificence, inspiration!
Here a Woman of divination speaks in a noble and grave
Voice aware as it sounds of belonging to no one around so much as the woods and the waves!

In other words, the irrational emotional element of poetry has been overcome and reduced to grave language, a language worthy of being the vehicle for the prophecy of the god. Any condensation of 230 lines of poetic psychology must certainly be more abstruse than the verses themselves. But as far as I know, the poem is unique in all literature.

La Sylphe, Les Grenades, and Ode Secrète deal with inspiration, the mechanics of thought, and its triumphs, but we must get to the final poem of the book.

The eminent Thibaudet in his book on the poet assures us that Valéry forced poetry to leave the sentimental and pass to the metaphysical, for he uses his meditations on the technique of poetry as a keystone to test the product—and it was the critic's statement which encouraged the present essay. 'With Valéry, as with Mallarmé, three elements contribute to keep in the terrestial work that glacial freshness of snow and of virgin space incorporated on the white page. First, an idea, truly religious and almost mystical, of poetry. Then the habit of not touching it save at rare intervals . . . Finally, with the cult of letters, a strong repugnance to leading the life of a man of letters . . . Valéry has remade several times, with different systems of poetic images . . . the same poems.'

Now it becomes evident why *Palme* was designed as a conclusion to *Charmes*. If *Aurore*, the sister-piece in all respects, presents the feeling of the lightness of creation of poetry, says Franz Rauhut, *Palme* shows the reward to the calm patience of the creator. It consoles the poet during periods of inactivity (those sad intervals which almost drove Mallarmé and Rilke mad) so that he can wait, with assurance that the ripening process is going on in the darkness.

The poem itself is a sermon from the angel who brings the poet his daily food, the bread and milk of thought. Incidentally, this is a far more practical, less high and mighty angel, than those which ministered to Mallarmé, George, or those Islamic spirits who haunted Rilke in the Elegies. This fellow speaks a cherubic French which the following reproduces but feebly:

Calm yourself, be calm! Learn how the massive palm carries its profusion!

The angel further admonishes his protégé to marvel at the faultless form of the tree which divides the weight of the firmament and the gravity of earth.

How worthy to be tended only by the god's hands!

Now for the message of consolation:

Stanza 5 While between sand and sky
the tree lives unaware,
each bright day passing by
stores a bit of honey there.
A sweetness whose calculation

is by divine duration which keeps no audit of days that it well dissembles as essence where assembles all the aroma of love.

- Stanza 6 Sometimes if one despairs, if the adorable rigor works not in spite of tears save in the shadow of languor, do not accuse as greedy a Sage who now makes ready such gold, such authority: for in this solemn sap mounts an eternal hope toward maturity!
- Stanza 7 And these days which you think barren, forever lost, have thirsty roots that drink, working the desert-waste . . .
- Stanza 8 Patience, have patience in the azure. Every mute atom of patience silence is the luck of a ripening fruit! . . .
- Stanza 9 . . . You have not lost those hours if buoyantly you endure past such abandoned moments; like a thinker who spends his whole soul to extend the worth of its endowments!

Thus ends Valéry's *Poésies* from which I have selected passages where he discusses the theory of poetic composition and its pleasures and pains. His language is cool, bright, and logical; his verse is nervous, breathless, and almost staccato. I have attempted to preserve some of these qualities, but the illusion of silver, crystal, and ice which one constantly has while reading the original seems to have been tarnished, turned cloudy, or to have melted. Let him have the final word from his prose work, *Choses Tues*: Les belles oeuvres sont filles de leur forme, qui nât avant elles.

#### William Everson:

## THE RELEASE

(from A Chronicle Of Divsion)

He will be given again to the regenerate world, Go south to a city,
Muse over coffee in small cafes,
Take the usual room,
Hear from his bed the bouy grieve in the harbor,
Like a lorn bull,
That moans and bellows,
And though sea-birds circle
Will not be consoled.

He will stare up the dark through the tall invisible storeys above him.

Where men and women place mouth to mouth in their old exploration,

And watch through the roof the small hard and unquenchable stars make their overhead arc,

And think what a curious thing a life is, That brings and discloses, But never quite what had been expected, And never quite what one wanted to know. It keeps for itself its anterior knowledge As of no concern. So the man will stare, In the space before sleep,

Or over the mug on the stained table,

Where the butt in the ash-tray leaves its carmine smear on his mind, And will turn when the tapping plucks his ear,

And see the blind veteran enter,

Bearing his unrejectable cup,

And will then understand how the gnarled event must be weighed in its world,

Under the havoc-holding sky,

Under the iron,

Under the catapulting dead,

Who grin in the metalurgic grip,

And eat their answer.

It will ring like the guilty coin in the cup.

It will be taken aside,
And secretely appraised,
And found insufficient.

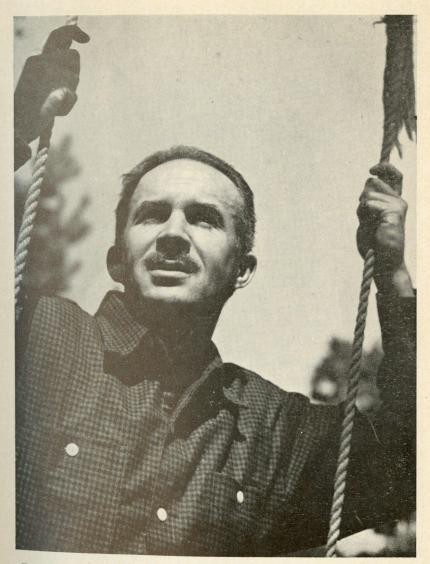
It will be tucked away with the piece of string,
With the match and the nickel,
In the little pocket above the groin,
Where the maimed genitals,
In their soiled truss,
Bear the seed of of an oncoming age.

#### A. Siexas:

# ELLWOOD GRAHAM

Graham rejects, as I think most serious artists in any field reject, the Freudian theory that artistic creativeness is merely a form or result of the "sublimation" of sexual repression. There are as many different motivations to creative expressions in art as there are different modes of creative evolution in nature; the neurotic impetis is certainly one of them and can be considered an adaptive changing of a hazard into an asset. But it is interesting to consider whether such a source is not more limiting and that the more NOR-MAL—the more integrated, developed and freely flowering the personality, the more integrated, developed and freely-flowering will be the creative expression.

I propose that artistic creation—far from being a neurotic manifestation,—is the normal business of the normal man. I propose, futhermore, to describe Ellwood Graham as a "type specimen" of normal man. If I thereby shock those who know him or have seen his work, it is simply because of a confusion of terms. We confuse "normal" with "average". The average man is driven and



ELLWOOD GRAHAM

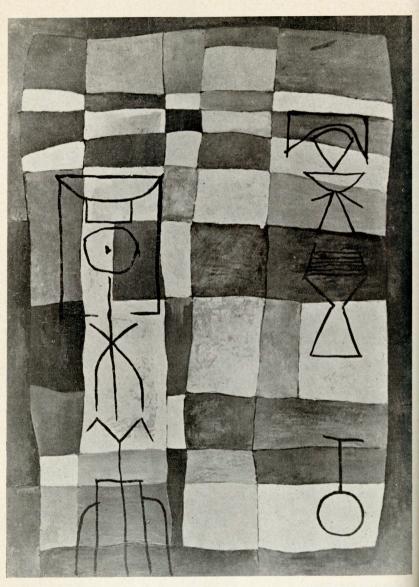
PHOTO: WILLA PERCIVAL

harassed by insecurities, mother complexes, sexual frustrations, power drives. His natural creativeness is mummified under the bandages of rules, precept's, traditions and beliefs. He doesn't know who he is or what he wants and he is afraid to find out. The average man can be considered normal only by the pessimist who is afraid that this is truly the best of all possible worlds.

The dictionary defines "normal" as the standard, the pattern, the gauge. Though the defective and average can scarcely be considered normal in this sense, neither can the genius, as we usually picture him—tortured, obsessed, half-mad, magically gifted and strangely set apart. (It is on this basis that so many have accepted the Freudian neurotic-sublimation theory of creativeness). We know what to expect from the defective, the average or the genius. We are completely at a loss when confronted with a normal human being, for he seems to partake of the qualities of all three and so keeps eluding our attempts to pigeonhole him. We are puzzled, bewildered and infuriated by him. He remains an uncatalogued phenomenon and everyone knows an uncatalogued phenomenon is dangerous until safely caged. God knows what it might do to the status quo.

Graham is not an unconscious or "intuitive" painter. Far from it. He is thoroughly articulate, almost coldly conscious, with an intellectual rather than an emotional approach to the practice, or craft, of his art. A look back over his work reveals a continual growth and development of ideas about painting, rather than a retrospect of subjective emotional states. Even his earliest paintings show an attempt to experiment and create rather than to recapture or re-create. But though he was regarded as a rebel at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts, from the first he apparently avoided the pitfalls of the conscious "rebel" who shapes his work by avoiding and contradicting the old and who thereby achieves nothing authentically new, but merely the negative form of the old.

Though Graham has many well thought out, reasoned and logical theories about art and esthetics, it would be a mistake to catalogue him as an "intellectual painter". There is a great temptation to do so because his forms are architectual, his use of area and line is geometric and strongly structural, and his whole work betrays a strong sense of order. But his color is violent and complex and often shocking, with great emotional content. And his use of texture (though always natural to the medium) is highly sensual and rich; thus the first impression of his work is often one



SQUARE OF HAPPINESS ELLWOOD GRAHAM

PHOTO: WILLA PERCIVAL

of primitive, almost barbaric attack on the senses and emotions. An almost tangible heat and force seem to emanate from many of his oils. It is only after the first impact has been absorbed that one begins to realize the strong and logical order in the organization of the painting as a whole. It is impossible to get more than a fragmentary appreciation of Graham's work from a black and white reproduction, for the color and texture are absolutely essential components and give living richness to the geometrical or arithmetical abstration of his forms.

His approach to painting is "pure" or "esthetic". That is, it is not literary, emotional (in the sense of purgative), exhibitionistic, or evangelical. He says he paints because it's the only way he's found to avoid boredom. His own description of the process of painting is illuminating. "Naturally, no one ingredient or element of painting can be successfully 'lifted' from the integrated whole. The various components are invented, made dominant, contained, tensed, neutralized, juxtaposed, counterpoised, ejected, re-stated, declared, simplified, enriched, then equivocated, until a promisingly durable visual entity is devised."

So much for the artist. We have still to portray Graham as a "normal" man, and in such a sketch the usual biographical data are of little significance. To know, for instance, that he exhibited last spring at the Marquie Galleries in New York, merely serves to give confidence to those who are afraid of making their own judgements on his work. It gives no clue as to why his painting is singularly rich, powerful and original. That he is happily married to Barbara Stevenson (a promising artist in her own right) and that they have three small children; that he has a robust and ribald sense of humor; that he is discriminating and appreciative in the fields of music, literature, architecture and sculpture—all this is far more significant data. That he established record-breaking scholastic averages is important. That he was once expelled from school for clouting his Manual Training teacher on the head with a plane has a good deal of bearing on the case. More important and interesting is the fact that he built with his own two hands and some cast-off lumber his home and studio high on a Monterey hill. As Mr. Luce would poetically say—no dreamy impractical artist he.

(So far Graham seems to possess the requirements of the Normal Man—particularly the basic necessities of high intelligence and competence in dealing with his environment and serving his fundamental needs). But what about the physical prowess of the



SELF-PORTRAIT ELLWOOD GRAHAM

COURTESY: PAT WALL GALLERY

Normal Man? Surely he must be as supple and coordinated physically as he is mentally and emotionally. Here too, the facts fit the theory, for Graham, in high school and college was an allaround athlete of championship calibre. This annoys no end the people who think in stereotypes. They don't care to picture the artist with a palette in one hand and a baseball bat in the other. Besides, all athletes are noisy extroverts and all artists are . . . Why repeat the cliches. Something far more significant comes to light here.

Graham explains his athletic success as being due to "(1) good muscular coordination, (2) a large fund of unplaced sexual energy and (3) intense neural-muscular feeling for equilibration pattern or movement design." (3) may sound like double-talk, but wait

a minute. Graham has hit on something.

Gardner Murphy of Columbia, in his excellent textbook "General Psychology" devotes a chapter to experimental esthetics. He finds (on the basis of Fechner's experiments) that one of the fundamental appeals of art lies in the concept of "empathy" by which an observer tends to project himself into the object he observes. Thus, the primitive insistence on symmetry and rhythm is due to the fact that "Lack of symmetry is almost a case of twisting one's self over to one side—because of an unequal distribution of load." Part of the importance of symmetry and rhythm lies in the preparation of the body for a particular response and the provisions of a "balanced muscular resolution." In other words, "art must prepare us for a certain response and then enable us to make it. The more advanced an art form is, the more likely is it to develop and complicate the need, giving variety and intensity to its ultimate satisfaction."

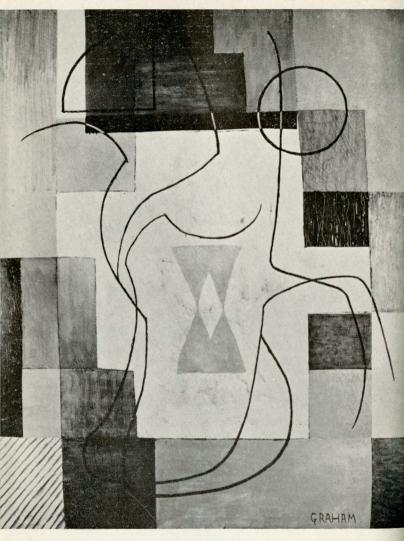
An intense neuro-muscular feeling for equilibration may well be the reason for the very satisfying sense of solidity and structure one gets from Graham's work. And this in spite of the fact that he uses "volume" and perspective (by which traditional painters get their weight and space) not at all. If Gardner Murphy is right, Graham's work possesses to a high degree a fundamentally important quality. Thus, even the physical adeptness of the Normal Man contributes significantly to his work as an artist.

Hand, eye and senses; intelligence, intuition and emotion. It is with these that the artist in any field (including the scientific, for a hypothesis is as much an artistic creation as a painting) creates. The development and integration of these tools must enrich and

deepen his work; to the extent that any are neglected or repressed, by that much will his work be limited and his potentials unfulfilled.

The "Normal Man" (as pattern, or guage) is rare and important to the species. To the extent that he is "normal" then, will the artist be rare and important creatively. In the light of this thesis, and to the extent that Graham is a Normal Man, the vigor, integrity and originality of his work becomes not only understandable but inevitable.

Graham is (as I have attempted to indicate briefly) a man of high intelligence, unrestricted in his interests, non-conformist (but not purposely an ikon-buster) leading a happy and companionable family life, maintaining his integrity in a world designed to destroy all integrity, doing what he likes best to do in spite of hell and high water—pursuing the Normal business of the Normal Man which is that of "perpetually expanding the field for the play of human imagination and the enlargement of appreciation and understanding." For the artist is the undying explorer. Can anyone offer a better "standard, pattern or gauge" for Homo Sapiens?



PAVANNE ELLWOOD GRAHAM

COURTESY: PAT WALL GALLERY

#### George Leite:

THE Can we Thee praise, tough bird of all weathers,
WING from cross to cross Thy contingent flight into this time and this weather.
We gather and gather together in our isolation and animal sight, refine each minute's minute thrill in praise of seeming near to Thee high bird whose clinging wings shadow the fasting stones.

Each loaf and fish makes your year which never loses gains or troubles time in your perfection on our strange table. The bread and wine touched by flight fecundating system on system, ageless shore upon shore which is no shore, into our sun and our weather, making light on our dark table cross upon cross into our day and our despair. Thee again? Or never Thee. Thee again? Or never Thee. Into our day and our despair on our dark table cross upon cross into our sun and our weather, making light shore upon shore which is no shore, fecundating system on system, ageless the bread and wine, touched by flight in your perfection on our strange table, which never loses gains or troubles time, each loaf and fish makes your year.

Shadow the fasting stones
high bird whose clinging wings
in praise of seeming near to Thee
refine each minute's minute thrill.
In our isolation and animal sight
we gather and gather together
into this time and this weather.
From cross to cross Thy contingent flight
tough bird of all weathers,
can we Thee praise.

MIRROR

#### **Alex Comfort:**

## TARAS AND THE SNOWFIELD

The mountain itself had three peaks, one large and two small. From the south they were shaped like tall conical hats, but from the east one could see how thin they were, like waves about to topple over. Behind them was a choas of broken-up stone blocks and smashed dead pinetrees—blocks that looked, from the new government road, as if they were no bigger than childrens' knucklestones, and yet each of them was like a red cottage standing on one of its angles or upon its eaves, making damp tent-shaped arches and caves, full of the sharp broken wood. On top of the blocks the goats, promenading about in twos or threes, were white spots that jolted as they ran like a lantern in a hand.

The snow began to fall late in the evening, coming down in large blots that fell with a sound. There was no wind to blow it into drifts, and the workmen coming up from the pebble-washing mine in the valley, where the crystals and small inferior emeralds were sorted out of the streambed, had to walk through a porous, squeaky crust of it, which was unlike anything that they had ever seen. It was strange snow. In spite of the big-flakes the air was warm and dry. The large flakes melted on each man's cap where he hung it up. Inside the houses, they could hear at first the noise of this deepening crust as it crushed under the boots of the men, and then gradually the people at the northern end of the group of houses began to notice that the noise of the stream down below them was gone.

Taras was one of the three foremen. He was a shy, anxious man with a neck like a piece of dry rope, who lived with two sisters and the child whose father was in the army. The sisters were both dark and alike, and the child was ten years old. The house, with a collapsing stable-outhouse behind it, was about a mile from the others, behind the spur of the lowest peak. It was filled with beef-tins of the rough stones, and down the slope in front of it there was a watercourse of pebbles that had been thrown away. Up

this watercourse Taras used to walk when he left the others by the end of the ridge. They said goodnight to him, and he disappeared into the spinning curtain of snow.

At ten o'clock the other foreman from this side of the river, Kubasic by name, opened his window, and felt the glass sweep out a hod-shaped recess in the soft, laminated mass of snow outside. It was roof-high. He shouted into it, and found his voice as small as a child's. A little thread of water began to run in through the keyhole. He opened the door, and white mushy water collapsed into the room. He cursed at it, swept it outside, closed the door, and went to bed, hoping that it would harden, so that he could dig himself out in the morning. The fact that the noise of the stream, a continual hollow blowing like a forge or a child blowing down a lampglass, had ceased, made it difficult for him to sleep. In the middle of the night, the roof-beam groaned loudly, and he realized that the roof was covered thickly. He said "I hope we don't stifle." In the morning, no light came, and he could hear nothing. A bleary patch of ice was running down the inside of the doorpanel. He put his shoulder to the door, and it moaned like a frozen pond about to give way. It would open only half a foot and Kubasic was stout. He leaned against the jamb and heaved with his shoulder. Creaks and grindings went through the whole mass, but it gave, reluctantly. He took the shovel from the corner and began to cut at the snow, throwing the first few shovelsful into the room, because there was nowhere else to put it. Then he shut the door behind him and began to kick and thrust upwards. There was light just above him, his face was full of snow, and when he put up his hand it broke into cold moving air. He trod the stuff down as if it were water, remembering when as a child he fell into a clover-bin, but this was scentless and cold.

The village was smoothed to a level of white, the tops of the cottages and their chimneys sticking up rounded like graves. The branches of the small tree came only to Kubasic's waist. In the snow figures like penguins were staggering about thigh deep. The only other woman in the mining settlement was digging out the wellhead with wide strokes of a shovel, throwing up dollops of snow. The air was shining and full of fine silver dust, and over it the three waves of the mountain were smoking like hot bread. The spur of the third hill, towards Taras' house, was clear, like a white rocky backbone, but above it there was a great pool of white run-

ning up to the southernmost col, and over this, though the air in the village was not moving, a wind was driving like spray out of a hose.

Taras was on the roof of his own house, looking up at the snowfield. He had never seen anything like it. Underneath the stable-roof had sunk somewhat with the weight, but there was the rattle of the milk going into the bucket from the ass's tits, masked by the snow, and the youngest sister talking to the child. Taras swept the roof until it was a wide black mark on the snow, and it began to steam. He stepped off it and sank a little way, staggering over until he could reach the spur of rocks. He hardly knew the mountain. This wide, shimmering lake gave an illusion of water. What the devil was it? He looked up at the sky, and saw over it, reflected in the cloud, a patch of irregular whitish light. It was covering a slope which he knew-dry grass and little bushes, nothing at all. The air with its fine dust exhilarated him. He began to walk up the hard spur. In a couple of hundred yards he was into the spruce woods, sheltered by the cliffs, and there was no snow, except where the roof had proved too heavy for the trees and one had broken. The foot of the cliff was like a wet brown wall, all its spring-weeds frozen into knobbed icicles like the threads in a glass marble or in the river agates—it payed to keep away, because of the falling stones. He went on up to the place where the wood climbed the cliff, determined to see the white lake of snow.

Higher still he encountered the wind. At the top of the gully the snow was lying in ridges, hollowed and undercut as if by water, marked like sides of meat, alternating with paths of the drab grey grass or of pebbles. He kept crossing bands of it that became higher and higher until he could only step over them with difficulty.

There was a line of rocks in front of him, and he knew that when he reached them, he would be able to look across the snow-field. The air had intoxicated him. He had been walking for an hour and did not know it.

Finally he took the last few steps and reached the rocks. He looked over. It was the shore of a sea. The whole valley was full of the snow, blinding white to look at, and on the thin line of black rock stood this anxious-faced little man. The sea was frozen, and yet it was moving. There were makings and cuttings in its surface. Higher up and further away it appeared to be level, as the sea is level, but in the nearer part at his feet there was a little shore of grass and beyond that the waves, about to break but not moving. The sur-

face of it was covered with rolls like pastry, whipped up by the wind. Further out there were steep sides and small cliffs, cut out into marks like strokes of gouges or the angels' wings in the church, and beyond that a hanging veil of white mist and numerous little whirlwinds of snow dust, moving about like squalls. Unlike the sea, it rose up, following the slope on the far side of the valley, and above it he could see the peaks, also like waves, but smoking like waves that were running in front of the wind. He put his foot onto the edge of the snow. It creaked like a door. It was firm and hard. He picked up one of the rolls of snow, as if it were a stone he was examining for crystal, crumpled it up in his hand, and laughed. He walked out among the little waves of snow, leaving prints. Then he started to run up the shore of the snowfield, past a clump of the dead trees that had somehow escaped it and stood exuding long crystals like sheeps teeth from the pores in their bark, and as he came to them he broke off a crystal and ate it. Running was easy with the air so cold. I do not know why he should have done so, but he wished to see if the snow on the col was hard, to mark it with his feet. He was a townsman, not a mountaneer, or he would have had the sense to keep away from it.

It was another hour before he reached the side of the ridge that framed the col. It was slippery, but he kept to the rocks. The snow was level here and as smooth as a woman's neck. He began to cross it.

It gave under his feet reluctantly with a little cry everytime he put down his feet. He answered it, quietly at first, and then bawling at the top of his voice "Ho! Ho!" The snow came up to the knees of his boots. He was three quarters of the way across when there was a little cracking sound like glass breaking, running away from his feet, up and down the slope. He stopped and looked to and fro. Nothing had changed. The waves and rolls were steeply below him, below that the trees, below that the road, already furrowed with marks where the postal van had come through. He took another step, and as he did so a long crack opened, stretching across the slope, running away from him as he watched it, like a rope unwinding. It opened silently as if somebody had opened his mouth. Taras stopped to look at this crack. There was Taras, and there was the crack. The peak went on smoking like a chimney overhead. He knew nothing about snow, but he was a quarryman, and that crack made him uneasy. Slowly it increased in size. It was nearly eight inches across. He said aloud "I must get out of this", and

began to hurry. The crack kept pace with him. He began to move downwards, diagonally, the crack becoming wider and wider, and starting to send out fine smoke of snow. Other cracks appeared below him. Then a sheet of white snow, lined and striped with parallel strata of stones, rose up from the level like the head of a whale, stood on end and turned over a scatter of big white pieces. There was an increasing roar. He was too fascinated by the process which he had set going to be alarmed. Then something reared up below him again, and the whole scene was covered in the stinging white dust. He covered his face, but blows began to rain on his head, softly and then harder and harder as the larger lumps reached him, and he began to think "I'm a dead man—the next will break my skull—the next one, no, the next one." There was a slowly increasing pressure on his chest, but in total darkness he realized that he was no longer moving. Soft waves of drift, following behind the body of the avalanche, flowed over his face, stinging him like sandpaper. He was fixed, his feet against the rock edge, his face tipped up and thinly covered in these veils of snow, his hands stretched out. He could move them from the wrists, and handcuffs of frozen snow cracked and gave way when he did so, until his forearms were out. He began to move them, swimming on his back. It was a long time before he could sit up. His feet were deep down in boots of snow. There was no purchase from which he could pull them out. The peak was behind him as he leaned back, inverted, but now its side was black, one black side and the others white. He looked down. Dust settled slowly, moving away from him. As it did so, he saw that the hillside had been swept into a long, yellow mark, scattered with pebbles and lumps of snow—when they drag a tree down out of the woods, that is how its roots mark the ground. Between two of the nearest pebbles there was a black stick.

The heat of his body suddenly relaxed the snow round his feet. He began to run down towards them, blood from his head marking the snow as he went. When he reached the pebbles he leaned on them, and on the broken spruce tree between them; they were six feet high, each of them. Through the wood above the cliff a wide road had been cut. Taras looked down it. Its dimensions reached his mind.

He said to himself "Jesus! I did it. It was I". Rolling to and fro, he began to run down towards the cloud of smoky snow that was still rising from the river valley.

When he got to the small line of cliffs, he did not need to

look for the way down. A shute had been built by the snow, about two hundred yards wide. Below that, the irregular runway went on, and there was a hundred yard gap in the post road and a hundred yard gap in the quarry railway, down to the river, where a grey mass dammed the whole valley and a pool, shaggy at its edges with half-submerged trees, was filled with long rotating skeins of scum. The riddle of the little lapidary mine was still there.

On his left was a small mountain of snow, pushed to one side by the snowfield as it came down. It was still remarkably white and dotted with thrown-up stones. He got to the end of the spur of the hill which ran down to his house, but there was this mountain in the way, sixty feet high, perhaps. He could not orientate himself for a while, and then he began to go up the side of it, gasping and digging in his feet. Blood was running down the back of his neck. He repeated internally "Mother of God, Mother of God" putting down his feet hard on the middle syllable. Halfway up the white hill there was a big tin flower, four feet across, the top of the windmill which raised the water. He sat down by it, fingering the crumpled edges of its big iron blades. It lay in the snow like a cartwheel. There was the gold transfer with the maker's name. This should be a hundred yards from his own ramshackle stable. A hundred yards off was the summit of this hill of snow, shining and throwing off a little dust. He lay down on the wheel and cried, tears pouring down his thin face.

A man came over the top of the hill of snow, staggering like a bear. Taras heard him coming and ran up to meet him. Kubasic was gasping away—they met at the summit and embraced, feeling each other all over to make sure that this was not a snow-dream.

"My house"-said Taras, "under us, under all this."

Kubasic did not seem to follow what he said. Taras looked past him to the village. "Are the others coming—with spades?" he said.

Then he saw that they were standing on an island made by the rock spur. On either side of it was the wide clay track of the fall, water already bursting out here and there and beginning to go down the slope in yellow runnels. The village had gone. The road ran, with the new track of the post van, for about a hundred yards and then it met the first gouge-stroke of yellow earth. Beyond that the tracks went uninterrupted for a few feet, and vanished again. Stones, roots and running water filled the tracks of the snowfall, and

there was a path down through the green and white woods to a

second dam in the valley.

They spent the rest of the day lying under one of the tilted snow blocks, their heads on each other's chests. It was bright sunlight and birds circled doubtfully over the ruins. The blocks stood as a natural shack, under which it did not freeze at night. Both of them knew that they must not go to sleep.

On the morning of the second day they followed the fall down to the mine. Streams were gushing down all round them, tearing among the roots. All that they saw of the village was a chair lying by itself. The mine was still there, the rising water of the dammed river coming into its wooden ground floor pool of snow water. It was like going into a grave. Hats and tools were still there, even money. The shiny bearings of the dredger gas-engine were untarnished. They took the lamps from the walls, a coil of rope and shovels. There was no food to speak of, but a bottle of wine.

At midday they began throwing up the snow into a rampart, and then sinking a well. They thrust down a steel rod but could not touch the bottom of the drift. They dug at random, running the risk of being buried by a new fall.

That night it froze again, and they dared not sleep. They lit the lamps and worked on at the bottom of the hole, compressing the snow which they removed, but not able to throw it out of the pit. The snow in the interior of the drift was coloured in zones—they went slowly through strata of pinkish and yellow snow, of stones, one of fossil fir branches, still green and spiky in the ice. Towards the end of this day, the snow became so much harder that it was almost incompressible. They were too weak to get out of the

hole at night.

The third day they came upon a corner of wood, and a few shingles. Working slowly from exhaustion they unearthed a broken corner of the stable. Under it was one of the boofs of the ass. They

corner of the stable. Under it was one of the hoofs of the ass. They followed the leg to where a beam crossed it and they could go no further. The line of the roof tilted upwards in one side of their cutting, and before long they were hammering on a side patch of exposed shingles. They were too deaf to hear any sound there might have been under it. Taras tried to prise up the shingles, but he could not hold the spade. Kubasic was lying half on his side

looking up, and doing nothing any longer.

Some snow fell down the shaft, and Kubasic continued to look up. He saw boots standing around the circle of sky above them

a priest and two miners from the next valley came down finally, out of the whole crowd that was dotting the mound of snow. The others pushed and jostled to look down the tunnel and see Taras and Kubasic lying like rabbits in a nest, their hands like blue gristle with the frostbite. They caused falls in the tunnel and almost buried the diggers. Standing on the dead ass, the two miners smashed in the stable roof. As each of the men was passed up, the crowd gasped and chattered. Taras first, then Kubasic; the miners smashed the last shingle, and there was a warm, fetid cavity, smelling of mouldy hay and excrement. They passed up one living sister, who had crept into the manger when she heard the sound of the fall—the wife of the soldier. More men went down. The people went back to their horses and trucks, having seen all there was to see.

When war broke out, Kubasic was still working at a lapidary mine further north. Taras had lost both hands of frostbite in a city hospital but nobody in the mountains knew where he had gone. One of the railway firemen claimed to have seen him selling papers in the Central station. The village itself was never rebuilt.

#### Walker Winslow:

#### N. P. WARD

This man who gratefuls me for a cigarette, "Episcopal Bishop," will next emit thanks as, "Gordons Dry Gin." Is it we sane who are lacking in contact; the unschizophrenic who are emotionally flattened? His laughter cancels me-I am nothing but cliches neatly sequining the robe of continuity he is folding; I am undressed, he is clothed. Between the scatological investigations of the hebephrenic schiz' and the phonebook theology of the manic the mountains and sea arrest meflung down by gravity and back by waves cloud sphincters clip light off into rabbity remissions. Why is this key mine and doors, doors, doors to stop, after working hours, the logorrheaic certitude that is not mine, or ours, or yours . . . . ... forget that psychotic logic finds clearest credence in a bent, whirling, eccentric mirror . . . ... catatonic stance cannot frame a line, landscape or the neuro-certified aura of an orgasm. Their world may be tritely a pinball machine in an earthquake, the hours nickels forever. O God, the anuseyed, the generous with change, the indifferent to accountings, whom Kafka slightly knew by day and Joyce by night, you can spill the alphabet and not spell Freud or Jung in the lights, on the bells, with reasonable ball flung through a universe of tolerant springs that fling it back from our methodically dispersed gravities

#### Hilaire Hiler:

# Manifesto of Psychromatic Design

The following brief notations are an explanation of a new type of non-objective design; they roughly state my position and point of view as it concerns painting in 1946, particularly in relation to the post-war period:

- Color, literally and figuratively, should be re-introduced into our environment which might thus be rendered more psychologically comfortable.
- In order to do this, painting must be re-integrated with "life."
- If he wishes to accomplish this desired connection, the artist must first integrate his own total personality, for he will not otherwise be able to develop the required attitude or to understand the mechanism necessary for the requisite contacts.
- Modern artists have, in general, been utilizing only a "part of their personalities to the exclusion of and the repression of another important 'part'."
- With an elementalistic outlook, there has been too much attention paid to the "unconscious" and too little to the "conscious." This partialization has automatically isolated them.
- If the implications of contemporary scientific formulations could be understood by artists they might use their nervous systems in a different and fuller manner. This would make for better communi-

cation and understanding and lessen the gap.

The contemporary scientific formulations in question are relativistic, monistic, and non-elementalistic. They utilize scientific method as opposed to metaphysical speculation and subjective introspection. "Identification," allness, absolute concepts, and two valued orientation, etc., are rejected.

Most contemporary psycho-therapeutic methods have stressed "higher levels of consciousness and more conscious control." The following observation made by S. I. Hayakawa is relevant: "We attempt to visualize the eventfulness of a universe that is an electro-dynamic plenum in the representational cliches evolved at a time when statically-conceived, isolable 'objects' were regarded as occupying positions in an empty and absolute 'space.' Visually the majority of us are still 'object-minded' and not 'relation-minded'."

The Aristotelian dictum that "Art is the imitation of nature" has been unfashionable in widening circles for some years. But no one has expressed the full implications of modern thought and their possible connections with modern design.

"That modern art is based on structural relations which it considers to be the only content of art," has been advanced by Oliver Bloodstein. He says that "it rejects identity. It accepts the principle of non-elementalism. It is based on extensional methods . . . there is consciousness of abstracting." In his statement, however, he includes too many forms of activity under the term "Modern Art." For the modern artist who comprehends these formulations can no longer admit the validity of Expressionism as first conceived in Germany about thirty-five years ago. The term Expressionism may be applied to Post-impressionism, Fauvism, Primitivism, Neo-Romanticism, Sur-realism, etc.

Croce was the chief apologist of Expressionism and his "philosophy" was based upon the Aristotelian "Law of Identity" (A is either B or not B). The validity of this law has been demolished by modern science.

The bases of Expressionism which confused subjective feeling and intuition with the wish for emotional reaction on the part of the spectator, also confused the expression of individual personality with achievement. Thus the nervous system of the artist was involved in

romantic, wishful, animistic, infantile, prelogical, or identificational thinking. But neither the "word" nor the artist's expression is the thing which it "represents."

In the non-elementalistic outlook there is no arbitrary or artificial division as there was under the still current concepts of the "emotional" (thalamic) and "intellectual" (cortical) portions of the nervous system and the consequent interminable and fruitless two-valued, "either-or" discussion of the comparative merits of the "emotion-feeling" or "intellect-thinking."

We may now deem it time to examine contemporary intellectual techniques from this point of view. Among other things we will see that the original imagination is seldom carried beyond the incomplete "sketch." A practice which hardly corresponds to the high degree of precision exhibited by modern technology. Outside of the field of Expressionistic theory there is no very valid excuse for this lack of clarity and precision. Connected with this "free" or "loose" expression is the doctrine of the *Beau Laide*, or beauty in ugliness. This may have been important as part of the reaction against Victorian prissy prettiness but there seems little present pretext for this rather self-conscious insistence on ugliness. The steam and soot technological period when more excuse could have been found for its propagation is about over. It has no place in the coming period of consolidation and synthesis.

There are two important relativistic ideas connected with modern painting. One is the relativity within the picture plane where every element has a definite relation to every other one, for to paraphrase Thurman Arnold, "The term 'light' has no meaning apart from the term 'dark.' The term 'bright' has no meaning apart from the term 'dull.' And in addition such pairs of terms have no meaning even when used together, except when confined to a very particular situation (in this case the situation defined by the artistic premise). The realization of this fact in physics is called the principle of relativity." The second relativistic factor arises from the relation of the assumed work of art to its surroundings. The ideologies responsible for the structure of the environment should have similarity to those expressed in the work of art and vice versa. The artist must manifestly be acquainted with the scientific basis of the contemporary technological-architectural environment.

This brings us to the illuminating distinction made by C. K. Ogden on the importance of the child's changing from "play" to "games". Play is an activity regulated by the child and dependent on his interests and imagination. Games follow rules set by others. As music, architecture, etc., may be considered as games rather than play if compared to modern painting, it may be seen that it might be important to reestablish a set of rules. These would not only provide the necessary canalization and grammar (potential comprehensibility) but the all-important element of structure. Thus possibilities of re-integration with other connected or related activities and more general long run acceptance and interest. From this point of view the present effort is, therefore, an attempt at the translation and enlargement of one formulation into another with added possibilities of contact and qualities of structure, order, sequence, and relation in common with other workable formulations outside the realm of art but contiguous to it.

This reformulation which I call Psychromatism, has the same basis, (imagination) as the former ones. In this case, however, the imagination is to be trained and controlled in terms of the medium and is thus opposed to fantasy. Regarded from this point of view it is not anti-expressionistic, but an enlargement and extension of ideas expressed in former art theories. Psychromatism accepts the aesthetic findings of Ogden, Richards, and Woods as expressed in their Foundations of Aesthetics and the hypothesis of Alfred Korzybski that the structure of mathematics is similar to the structure of the human nervous system. This acceptance automatically provides a basis for the utilization of form-color as design as explained by scientific aesthetics and the mathematical principles of proportion, rhythm, simplicity, accent, scale, balance, interval, sequence, etc.

The dimensions and directions which the form must take are governed by the dimensions and directions of color. The Psychromatic designer works in terms of color considered psychologically as a sensation. He does not work in terms of fortuitous collection of coloring materials called pigments. By the use of the Ostwald equation and the following through of its structural demands a new set of assumptions is provided which give unity, coherence, and the established relationships of a comparatively definite pattern for the work in hand.

This statement is in the nature of snythesis. It may be noticed that the quotations herein are somewhat numerous. This is inevitable and desirable when art activities are considered as having connections with other activities of a scientific nature; in fact, it is exactly in the opening of this formerly closed door, that its chief claim to novelty may be found. Consistently a few sources are appended for the benefit of such aesthetically literate readers who might be interested in following in more detail the ideas which are impossible to outline adequately in this form. The books mentioned show a general trend and the ideas expressed in them will be found to have a connected and coherent outlook in a similar general direction.

Julian Huxley's On Living in a Revolution, New York and London, 1944, gives a "philosophical" basis for that outlook, particularly in the chapter entitled "Philosophy in a World at War." Karl Pearsons' The Grammer of Science is available in Everyman's Library, London, 1937, No. 6 "Science and Metaphysics" and No. 13, "Science and the Aesthetic Judgment." Science and Sanity by Count Alfred Korzybski has had an important influence (Lancaster, Penn. 1941). Oliver Bloodstein's pamphlet General Semantics and Modern Art (Reprinted from "ETC.," August 1943) furnished the material quoted. The quotation from Hayakawa was taken from his introductory remarks to Gyorgy Kepes', Language of Vision, which is here recommended with some reservations for not going far enough along an excellent path.

On the subject of color, Wilhelm Ostwald's Colour Science in two volumes, London, (undated) is basic. My own books, Why Abstract and Color Harmony and Pigments, are explanatory of the point of view expressed.

# Harold Norse: THREE POEMS

#### THE YEAR IS WATER

O love, you attract me . . . there is reason To live . . . though the year is water In the broken cities. And speeches wander Through the worms of skulls. O love, You do excite the memory of flesh Whose stars still shine.

First I would call you occult,
Before the mirroring touch. And after confess,
O love, O love, your mouth is a sewer
With many rats of words. Your eyes
Two dunes of dung where ever dwell
The myriad maggots of lies.
And then would I make bold to praise
The infinite commerce of your teats;
You got it good, don't tell me no;
Who put it in two nights ago?
O love, the interest itself . . .
Is hardly worth it.

#### GOD BLESS AMERICA—AND LORCA

Reading of Lorca in the public room— His reasoned revolt against reason as social bias, Refusing the unionization of poetry: Rejecting the surrealist *décolletage* and the Stamp of group approval: seeking the organic

In an era of inorganic emotion
:I pity the man at my right, myopic eyes two inches from *Life*:
And the one with the steel mustache

And Outdoor Guide: and the glandular adolescent With the uncertain movements and wall-eyed erotic stare

Of confusion: who suddenly: from their divergent worlds And obsessions that clash: like swimmers all lift For a moment: undersea heads: they have caught Sound waves from the street of commerce and waving flags

:Kate Smith singing "God Bless America".

#### NATURA NATURANS

Winter, with its giant suggestions to be definite, to thrust, boldly with new meanings comes on schedule: as the unprepared

in cities huddle with their doubt, and even the friendly odor of carbon in the grate will not aid the cynic, and the terrible moments are too real

for the depressed in their tiny rooms. Where the omens are saddest, among spirals of planes that whine deathwards, horror is sharpened, a stone

of ice shaped to an arrow of death. This points, uncritical, at the heart of all: at the cold plaza, at the toyland lake with the children, the photographers,

at the circle under the ignored stature, and even in the dead center, the hub where life seems most centrifugal: the bristling nerve-waves of commerce.

And the season's repeated query, unsaid, expressed as by a paralytic in the huge, slow eyes, the gangling lips slow, quavering, of a stricken continent: do I dare recover?

### Robert Wosniak: [12 years old]

# THE MAN IN THE CAPE

"The Man in the Cape" is the story of a man living in the 18th century who finds himself suddenly in the 19th century. He has no name, for he is one of the queer men of this earth.

Satan appears as a master of disguise; his horse, a cruel, smart,

murderous animal.

The other characters are the guard and the pedestrians who told him that it was the 19th century. The only proof the man has is the scar.

It was a cool, dreary night and the plain was covered with fog. A shadow stood out. It was the shadow of a castle. The eerie light from the moon shone.

All of a sudden, I heard hoof-beats echoing across the plain. I saw a silky black, evil-looking horse coming at me. Mounted on him was a dark figure wearing a cape. I thought he would change his course, but he still continued to come. The horse! His mane was unruly, with hair tossing, eyes ruby red, and his hoofs murderous sounding. I started to run.

My life was at stake. I was running fast when I fell. Quickly I arose. My arms were tired. I couldn't run any more, when all of a sudden I saw a cave. I ran in, but he still followed me. I ran about looking for another way out. There was none. The horse chased

after me. Finally I fell.

The rider got down and suddenly—a flash of lightning, a whirling mass, thunder, and a flame. There he stood looking at me. He was the devil. I hollered out, "What do you want?" He said, "Your soul." I looked at him, bewildered. "My soul, my soul, what does he mean?"

A flame shot up in back of me, and imps crawled out. They tied me up and they brought me out of the cave. They danced, and suddenly across the sky appeared an orange light. Radiant beams sprang forth.

The devil, in his thunderous voice said, "You have won, but I shall kill you. A knife shone and glistened. He came toward me. I stood petrified, wondering what would come of this. His knife sprang and missed me. I struggled with him.

A red pool of blood was on the ground, and my arm was bleeding. The devil cursed, "Revenge will come upon you." All at once the sun bathed the land. I fell, exhausted, to sleep. I saw stars shooting and planets breaking into pieces.

I saw Lucifer staring and laughing at me. It seemed like centuries when I stirred and saw the place had changed and that

new houses and trees were there.

I got up and walked to town. I heard someone say, "Pretty soon it will be a New Year, 1814." "1814", I said in surprise, "Why, it's 1714. They looked and said, "Why that man's crazy." A man with a club grabbed me by the arm and dragged me a distance.

I looked at my arm and saw a deep scar. I wondered a split second, and it came back. The next thing I remember is that I was

in a cell.

I called the guard and asked him what year it was, and he said "1814." I knew now what the devil meant. This was his revenge.

A cell door opened and a man came in. He was a doctor. He took off his hat. There stood the devil. He laughed, and vanished.

I asked the guard "Who came in?" The guard said, "Do you feel hot, or sick?" I knew that I wasn't dreaming, or imagining anything.

#### Robert Stock:

#### TRIUMPHAL ARCH

Night
Arches the city
With ten dark pelicans.
The night is silent, profound.
Creation sleeps a sleep
Prophetic of our end
In night—this still, this deep.
Pelicans
Invade the pomp of bone.
Their angry warships
Breed parables of hate
On a cinematic moon.
With ten dark pelicans
Night
Enters the city.

#### Ericka Braun:

# Oath of the Tennis Court

Why tell the truth when a lie would serve as well? Being a woman, she could only think of it silently and unwillingly like some thick cerebral hemorrhage clotting up the dainty pink fluidity of her feminine blood. The huge naked men of stone, the lust for the abstract, what chance did a man have against the heavens, the earth, the waters and the space? Then she took her eyes off the sad roccoco detail of the hotel curtains and turned to address her attention to the pettifogger, Mr. Richard Chen, a little brazen man of bronze who was offering her "Potentiorum Caesare" two packages of chewing gum each one unlovingly packed in multicolored paper. Perhaps he had heard somewhere that elephants only have sexual desire after eating mandrake roots.

She couldn't help admiring the cunning of those who take the darkest ground to do the whitest work. Mr. C. was undoubtedly one of these; it was almost touching to watch his unnecessarily diligent search for the impressive chocolate bars, the secret packages of chewing gum, and the gourmandise suprème, preserved, unspined pineapple, all hidden away in his now unlocked dresser drawer, and

in the inner recesses of his subtly incensed closet.

She wondered too, if Mr. C. would die immediately when he saw his own image, the blue black hair which was now incarnated with American hair tonic, the precisely pared fingernails which were dead to the earth, and the wheezing external holes, nostrils, which in most people were for breathing (while breathing in turn was for the living). Evidently, he was quite unconcerned as he meticulously dusted the frothy covering of scum from the respectable clean hotel scarf, and made ready to serve the delectable delight, round pieces of yellow unmooned pineapple.

Mr. C. was prattling about China, about the loving trade route he was going to cut, the money he was going to make, after the war. The war had interfered with his plans, but after the war China had to be built. He was proposing marriage because he wanted a good life, and because he was in love with the girl (and she was so titillatingly American, he could feel a pulmonary vein cackle at the

thought of this American wife in China). The American girl was not unmoved, for a moment she was thinking of all the huts in China, and how hardly one cellar had been dug. And then of her ancestor whom decent tradition registered as having been carried on a horse in a panier to Bristol where the ship headed for an empire. Maybe that's how empires were built after all, by people who didn't know. It was funny to look at the little man who wanted her to be his wife because he had a hot tip.

His grace was uncanny. He knew many things, and he was most anxious to please. He was proud of his room because it was in a hotel (and the service was excellent) clean towels once a week, a shower down the hall, and while it wasn't nice to come home to, the service was excellent. He knew all about Chinese herbs, and how to please a woman. He had learned the secrets from the old men, cunningly teased it out of them when they were smart enough to resist giving away their precious and important secrets to the young men. He didn't have an iota of modesty; he was good, and only had the very best taste. Again, he opened the incensed closet, and displayed two, dispassionate Roos Brother suits. But this was no Wordsworthian prelude, he had a present for the girl, because he could never resist a bargain, and because he had connections. She had mentioned that she needed a tennis racquet. He beamed with the love of himself and carefully showed her the \$14.95 label.

There was nothing to do but accept. The terms were honorific and precise. It was merely a question of thinking of him everytime she played tennis, but that would be easy because everytime she saw the racquet it would remind her of him. He informed her that he had accepted many presents on this basis, that it worked fine, and there were several people he might not remember if it weren't

for their presents.

Pygmalion took his image to bed, but Mr. C. was constrained to sundry goodies, a tennis racquet, and last but not least, a prefix of respectability. He then filled the tiny space between them with a special anxiety for her response. But maybe he feared a woman's reason—a woman would not because she would not . . . and he decidedly dropped the goblet, looked more at ease, and informed her with some tiny particles of sweat which crept out of the hairtonic that she need not accept his offer of marriage right away because he knew it took a woman a long time.

She began to feel like the snake who comes out to sun himself by the light of the moon. She asked to be excused. Mr. C. asked permission to accompany her because it was dark in the hall and she might not find it. They set out on the trodden mango carpet which had a thick musty pulp; he put his arm around her waist, touched her pelvic bone, as if he knew intuitively that a critical appreciation of bones makes a good distinction of sexes. He was emboldened by the darkned space on both sides of them, and just before they reached the door with the appropriate markings, he planted a puckered little kiss on her cheek, carefully, as if he were setting it into the ground to grow. She already had one foot inside the square, and while she couldn't be sure whether he could see it, her face had a look which indicated a need for a drastic purgative.

Two weeks had passed. This was enough time for her to begin her vision of the American heroine. Quite different to be sure from the Jamesian version. She was neither galavanting around Europe nor did she possess an admiring male super ego, nor could she be convinced that her clean cut American integrity would come out clean and shining after all. What Mr. C. had predicted had come true. She could never look at the racquet without thinking about him. One day out of sheer consternation she bought him a woolen tie made by some commercial minded redskins and sent it over to his hotel.

Mr. C. never used any eyewash, still this had never impaired his eyesight. He called her up to acknowledge her gift, and asked if he could borrow the tennis racquet because he wanted the personal experience of wielding one so that he could talk about it when he went to China. She had a nasty premonition that he was an Indian giver, but quickly dismissed this and agreed to make the loan that very afternoon.

The very next communique which came three days later with a package read like this:

Dear\_\_\_\_

I am sorry to say that I was in a hurry on my return trip to San Francisco on last Saturday afternoon. I left the racquet in the train, now it is lost.

Yesterday, I went to the Department store to order another one, it takes three to five weeks to get the same kind, as soon as I receive it, I will send it over.

Now, I am returning your gift, and am waiting for the racquet to arrive before I accept your present.

I hope I find time to call you this week end.

With regards,

#### Max Harris:

# Revolutionary Poem

Question This frayed hem human agony, the threadbare regions of love where emaciate prongs, the children, have torn mouths of hunger and silent mouldering for eyes, is nation for a flag of power. Yet to come a redtaped official, compassion the only staff, is strong poison for our best self. To have now ridden the ecstasy of union and to be distracted nerve of the street grows a golden cancer in a lung in its coils no bitterness, no relenting of the inexhaustible fact of man; there is only gravid echo of miracles that are growing somewhere within. And for these loved ones the revelation, but when? when the ache and the shriek, the tiny red loin at its peace and festive crucifix tapering down?

Answer

I affirm a new and simple belief,
that I am herald of the godhead
loving my agony for the sake of man,
leaving the little vipers and their apples
to sour knowledge, hollow applause.
Thus the grand dream of the poor, the bellows
the furnace of its immutable becoming
creates no warped tension in this heart,
tomorrow seems habitable, this legend a life.

Mary Fabilli:

# THE MEMORABLE HOSPITAL OF AURORA BLIGH

With the dawn the pain filtered in, a shadowy pearl, through one open space above the blacked-out windows, with weaving of transgressions, politely, mincingly, out of the night gathering its glass needles, its knotted roses. It wove a crystal network into the bones of her forehead and through to the back of her eyes. It set the hard rosebud between her eyes, in the quiet of early morning, the corridors soundless, projecting endlessly their rectangular dark.

The pain became a blue scarab with absorbing tentacles; her existence became his, watchful above her impotence, waiting for the sunrise to turn his pale transparencies to red and gold. But into the black drifts of night still wavering in the room she felt her tired eyes penetrate, watery spheres impaled with luminous tangents, inimical toward the scarab king. They tried to devour him but he sent forth his influence in waves and rolled them back to him and made them his captive looking-glasses silver-torn and brown-stained.

From the remote distances of the hallways came the tinkle of crockery and the sticky sound of rubber heels against linoleum. The nurses, the Campbells, and all the future things of life both good and bad were approaching, climbing up like Charlie Chaplin a forty-five degree angle hill and falling backward faster than they advanced. She could not make up her mind to wait. The pain was gigolo, indulging in a score of delicate maneuvres the coral obligatos of a nocturnal reservoir. She turned on her side and the frosty spikes of Christmas ornaments transfixed her eye and pierced through the brown-cased vine knot at her brow.

When the doctors arrived the sun shone through (after six months of fog and rain) and the chatter of birds was heard through the windows from terrifying green branches of trees four stories tall. Ten acres or more of grass-covered hill with brown earth showing in patches were visible from a particular rectangle of open window reserved for her perspective. At the top of one window there

was hill and at the top of another there was sky. The hill was very high, a grove of trees met the top casement and grew thick and

fast beyond.

Quick and agile the doctors moved about the respiratory ward. They were the most beautiful and the most healthful people that the paved streets of the immediate city had ever incubated. Endowed with trays of elegant instruments and steel-clad memoranda sheets they went from bed to bed speaking with low and pleasant voices to the unhappy child-eyed patients. Their beautiful and simple haircuts astonished her, their glowing and exquisite complexions under the stipple of shaved beard, their brisk white uniforms ornamented only with the black necklace of stethoscope; these filled her with awe and faint-hearted pleasure. She shrank from them as from remarkable deities photographed through cheesecloth, and retreated quickly into the immediate legendary past.

Inwardly, she thought, inwardly going ten thousand miles from their doctrines and the closest corners to that secret and sharp experience of excommunication. When he pushed her against the kitchen sink and said looking out of the crafty windows, darting in and out the brown-leaved falcons from his eyes, said to her: yes the food is lovely, the apples and the oranges and those black figs from the Congo's neon-lit Emporium. The contours of the food in the puritan's hovel aroused at last the bright electric transubstantiation. He managed all things gently because he was the last of the titled nobles, efficiency's lost expert in ambassadorial disguise wandering back from Eugene Sue and those polar mysteries. Part of a part of a part and that part hidden. His Lazarus thrust back in the cave and the stone door barred against his insistent knockings. His Lazarus locked in the grave but cropping out at the hair-line, not to be denied, not to be deprived, son of Christ and brother of condemnation. And though he shifted the gears and shifted the turn of the conversation, his long bleached hands shone out the flesh of the grave, the silvery sheen of corruption.

The nurses brought her back to memory each with a special duty to perform. Pink-cheeked and radiant full of the juice and sap of mechanized civilization. They moved in front of her screening eyelids dexterous and self-confident. They came with trays and great heaps of laundered bedding, with pills, messages, and impersonal admonitions. They too seemed serenely beautiful because they were all without trace of pains and fevers or any weakness or decay. Their teeth were spotless, jewel-like, and their eyes glistened with perfect

vision. One after another they pirouetted about the room in grace-ful motion free and easy as green wheat swerving on the hills, unlike the stiff contortions of ballet dancers. Day by day she watched them carefully for signs of weakness or incipient infection, but was not satisfied. And day by day the pain stayed with her. Periods of rabbit-like despair. Rabbits fleeing in the sagebrush and in the sick dimensions of her mind.

One morning dawned at last full of deceptive sunrise and rebirth. She was allowed to go back to the most beautiful memoranda, the date pinned on the wall in valentine elaborations. They had indeed once and for all reached the topmost hills of the Sandwich Islands and had then divided the world between them. The bright skies careening up from them and the green slopes falling away to unlimited oceans. To one side the blue Sahara and to the other, awash in shoals of newsprint the jaded Mediterranean. It was then all of a sudden that the mythological horse burst from the grove of eucalyptus and fir and reared in the sun and shade his flaming white thunder and bravado, his cold mane roaring across the world of their sight and his hooves crushing garlands of flowers, vessels of myrrh and spikenard and the embroidered doilies of their picnic lunch. The violent fandango of lost illuminations he whirled in the morning brightness of the mountain-top. For one minute they shut their eyes and ears and escaped like killers from the knowledge of that cruel and disparate communication.

Almost immediately the consciousness of guilt revealed evening over the somnolent islands and the hospital. In the blue and purple shadows of the low valleys the herd of monstrous elephants wavered in the intervals of atmosphere and memory. The pounding of their hearts changed to the rhythm of the furious clock that now ruled in the dim interior of the ward and shut the lids of vision all at once.

The routine farce of nurses opened the noiseless door of their room with dinner on metal trays. She watched crystal salads bloom and the raw steak writhe on the plate like a wounded snake. The strawberries lay still, and with careful aim she sprinkled rationed poison over them and poured thick cream and ate with temperance. But they increased and multiplied until she got weary of that endless game. Then the scene changed and only the saucer remained with a few drops of pink-tinged cream at the bottom.

Deep in the heart of the rose, deep in the rose of midnight she began to hope that justice had been done. As the hours fell unwilling from the ceiling to the counterpane she felt the scarab half dissolve and his strongest powers withdraw. She knew then that she had paid in full for sins committed by the scavengers of fear and the excrement devourers on her party line. Turning toward the windows she waited for the sign of absolution across the April loneliness of dawn.

From the painful deliberations of the longest street of the town, wide-echoing and empty about the memorable hospital, a paved and cobbled sea from dark devoured horizon, she heard the earliest intimations of the sign. Foot-falls in the night, coming from the outermost barbed wire entanglements of the city and of its infamous renown. Her father walking there from inconceivable nowhere and unaccounted time. His heavy boots rang in the street below and she did not dare run to the window and call out: here I am. He drew the webs of pain and guilt away plodding through the rainwashed streets in heavy wine-stained boots, come on a round trip ticket from her childhood and the flowering vineyards of home.

She stopped listening long after the sound of the footsteps passed away. Gradually the veils of foul unnatural sleep and the nets of fragmentary peace began to overwhelm her. Then she fell back into the room and drowned among the green glass bells, and in the realm of octopus, and slowly slowly drifted down to the unpro-

nounced declension of the fullharmonic sea.

#### Will Gibson:

#### POEM FOR THREE

Journey out of the island, by sea rise and night fall out of the jambs

of the cove of eyes and the harbor of mouth in the height and haul of winds,

I took as stowaway locked in the guts of the ungallant gale-shaken thighs

and joists of the starless hull: squall shook helmsman, sail, wheel, skull,

and the clams unclung from the keel: I in the genital sack was a fool

for my heel of island and no wind was back: when land hove I listened and knew

the sea was calm, and the cargo home, and unlatched was hold, hatch, and door:

and saw I had come to the coastline of man, and you stood on the shore.

### Selwyn Schwartz:

# Four Poems

#### THE DREAM

Sacrament in mood, sovereign in space the silence affixed to the spectrum of noon

its passage encloses the color of space and each tear

a temporary error

redeeming Darkness that descends to the final eye like sleep the forever formula and silence, an emotional pantomine

#### AH, THE PUBLIC

He grows accustomed to intricate clocks the urgent hours motioning this public, the civic green, and the eye a mirror

endures the pose of history.

Dreams destroyed without a warning and the night in exile of sleep, like Freud, shelters the inner chambers of altered profiles.

The voice of the sun reappears

a crowd's cheer summons the living effegy, being which is Law: and dawn ridicules perversity of darkness

of uninterrupted hours that are alike in the lull.

#### PORTRAIT

He, mirror's tenant, spoke to his shadow and the voice was less than sound. Nothing was sound but sun, he spoke of measured silence.

Light, the total color. The sun grew large, his eyes grew larger in shaped windows and his bottles fragile bells.

His night unlandscaped. The street lamps cold and cold. The vivid thing. Time insatiably unmended. Item: the tower of stairs toward heaven.

The man of external scene is more than sound. Morning, the immediate imprint of clear-blue. This man of darkness holds the sun in his ear.

#### **CINEMADOM**

Now rain has come again the deal is on

the clouds are but towels if not more

and apples, bulbs in the night yes, deceiving each tree and shadow

the teasing tear speaks through the air

high proof of a naked heart in the greenhouse of coins

and at midnight the city is tall as tall as his eye.

#### Ernst Kaiser:

# THE DEVELOPMENT FROM SURREALISM

Surrealism is—or was?—a movement based on Freud's assumption of determination of free association. If one wants to get any rational understanding of what surrealism amounts to, it is from this viewpoint that one must approach it; one does not get much further by considering its relation to marxism, its credo of automatism, its belief in experiments with hypnotism, or the complete loosening of all restrictions in its hallucinatory epoch. These things have, of course, a certain relevance; but they never led their inventors anywhere, not even to the point of being able to understand their own urges.

Surrealism, at the end of its development, and very much against the will of its intellectual father, Breton, turned consciously towards psychoanalysis. Breton was so far right to object, in that there can only be as much in common between surrealism and modern psychology as arises out of the problematik of the human psyche; i.e. out of what is exploited by psychology as well by art. Psychoanalysis is only a valid science in so far as it is not an invention of Freud's; and only so far can it be valid for artistic ends.

In other words, it is no good making art into a sort of experiment based on a science that is itself still largely experimental. What art has to do is to go back to the sources of psychoanalysis. Art may, of course, make use of this or that psychoanalytic axiom, but that is all. Such phenomena as neuroses may be the material of artistic creation, not because they are the basis of psychoanalysis, but because they exist.

It is not difficult to work this out. We have only to look round

at our world, our era, and draw our conclusions.

We must be prepared to recognise that the human faculties have ceased to show any sign of development, except in the direction of brutal power. We have watched all political programmes finish up as expeditions leading nowhere. And if we are really artists, then we must know that the disillusionment of Western man has become

a fact: that there is hardly any real belief left, except the belief in holding on to what we have, if indeed there is anything left to hold on to.

Such bare facts need no illustration. Nor is there any use in trying to convince anyone who does not see it for himself. There is as little hope of convincing certain sections of our contemporaries by means of common sense as there is of doing it by means of art.

The political breakdown is, of course, only a symptom, and one of many symptoms, of a general breakdown. We consider it axiomatic that it is not the artist's business to meddle and muddle in science or politics or any other matters that can be dealt with better by other means. And if he tries to do so, he is plainly running away from his real function, either because of lack of this function (in which case it doesn't matter) or because of fear of some new and really creative revelation.

In such an era of frustration and collapse, when so many connections have broken down, and not only under aerial bombardment, there is no hope in trying to have an art that is rational and based on solid facts. Solid facts are a luxury that even natural science cannot afford any longer. We are in a world that has lost internal balance, where there is no intellectual or spiritual focus, and hence no possibility for the artist to apply such terms as good or evil, inevitably there develops a tendency towards nihilism and mere cynicism. And without real values to give it vitality, form becomes hollow and purposeless and soon deteriorates. That was shown clearly enough after the last efforts of expressionism by such movements as dadaism, surrealism, 'abstract' art, and so forth.

Yet there must be some purpose left for art. At any rate, it looks like it, for art has not ceased to exist.

But these purposes must be creative ones. A pseudo-art is no good to us—pseudo because trying to carry on on the ground of others, who themselves no longer know how to carry on on their own ground.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to define what this ground is, because art itself is much more individual than most of the other spheres of human activity, and it is in each case the artist's personal impression and expression that have to be his personal ground. For all classifications and cataloguing of art are ultimately nonsense; We always find that the pure movement, according to its strict rules,

exists only in the mind of the art historian and critic; and even there the divergences are often remarkable.

To be an artist is a thing that cannot be taught. The question is how to be an artist; and perhaps not even that can be taught. But it can be learned, by every artist, on his own. And what we can do, if we start to theorise, is to try and clarify our own minds; perhaps others will add, through a similar effort, to what in the finished works of art appears as a sign of a common cause.

In art we are dealing with something that is called truth. This is a much abused concept and one that today nobody is capable of defining, because the centre has disappeared, and with it the values that seem to be the 'true' ones. The only definition we can offer is that truth is what we express when we try to say what we really mean, overcoming inhibitions and fear; it is also very often what people, for whom works of art seem to be meant, do not like. For behind most human activities there are reasons people do not want to know or do not know about themselves; and they do not like to hear that there may be things in themselves not under control of their intellect. Mentioning these things is a way of telling a truth, one that is very changeable because these things themselves change.

People object to the truth, because it is an invasion of the realm of taboo. We find, when considering surrealism, various sections of society uttering various complaints, in heavy opposition. There is not only the complaint that one cannot 'understand' surrealism; there is a vehement and furious sort of rejection that suggests that a sort of understanding, either unconscious or semi-conscious, has

indeed taken place.

Now surrealism has been, in all its phases the utterance of free association, whether this fact has been admitted or covered up by other ideas in the course of its development. The source of the determination of free association seems to be the same as that responsible for the latent content of dreams, the chain itself therefore related to a manifest content. In so far free association seems to be related to the dream; and therefore the result of free association in art is bound to have a great similarity to the dream, and we have to deal with precisely those things that are feared and hence not spoken of. We can further assume that there is a basic form of complexes in the psyche, biologically and sociologically inherited, and these complexes find their expression in dream as well as in free association. So we come to the conclusion that works of art originating from free association can arouse similar associative reac-

tions in the spectator, because they penetrate to those fundamental complexes. It depends on the individual spectator whether they are accepted or rejected or simply not received at all because of an overwhelming oppression of the particular complex; for man has a half-knowledge of the shadow-side of his being and does not like being reminded of it. But it depends just as much on the artist himself and on his ability to express more than his own private neurosis, which may perhaps not be so fundamental as to be generally understood; and it depends also on his sincerity: his associations must be genuine ones and not a series of representations of objects taken at random from an encyclopaedia. The greater the artist, the more he is able to penerate to the real depths of what is commonly hidden in the human soul and to give it universality; and the greater and the more popular may be the rejection and misinterpretation of his work; and the more violent will be the attacks and the defense.

There appears to be not only a basic form of complexes in the psyche, but even something more: what Jung calls the collective unconscious. Arising from this basis there are all the mass manifestations leading to those collective compulsions that are shaping the face of our world and are the real rulers that prevail over rational thought.

And is this really such an incredible assumption? Is the shape of our modern world really so different from what we call the symptons of a neurotic? Are we not forced to do things we hate doing and that make us suffer and make others suffer, while we know well that their reaction will cause more suffering in ourselves; and all this in spite of our knowledge of cause and effect and the birth of new evils from old ones? And we are not entirely capable of imagining a sound and well-ordered world, and unable to realize this dream, perhaps not so much because of technical inability as for psychic reasons? And what else happens to a neurotic but an accumulation of compulsions that make his life unbearable and that he may see through in their queerness and senselessness and still can't help? We know there is a way in which depth psychology deals with the symptoms of the neurotic. The function of the artist is closely related to that of the analyst; because art faces the same causes whose discovery has led to analysis. But the artist's function is a large one, for the artist does not deal with a single person only It is the artist's job to say what he really has to say about any given subject that may occur to him; and neither the subject he will choose

nor his treatment of it is accidental. The chosen object, subject, relation, depends on the artist's personality, and his choice and his associations to it are the symptons of some unconscious complexes in him. Perhaps we are not far wrong if we say that it is the artist through whose mouth man in general is capable of uttering the symptoms of the common psychic disease. From this point of view we must admit that there is some sense in free association in art; or, as we may call it, automatism.

But this is only one side of the picture, precisely the side we find most highly developed in surrealism. It is a necessity that the symptoms should be uttered. But they are as insufficient in themselves as are the unheard complaints of a solitary neurotic. They only arouse a vague and very emotional half-understanding and are bound to cause revulsion, without being capable of real achievement. These free associations in art demand treatment like the neurotic's complaints. The only difference is that the artist is not only the individual mouthpiece uttering the general complaints, but at the same time the person of the doctor who treats the patient. The artist's function here is, perhaps, something closely related to what the mystics call meeting one's double: the influence that one part can have on the other is important for both sides. For, as Jung says, there is no analysis without influence on both parties to the analysis, just as there is no chemical action that does not affect all the elements involved. It seems likely that both—analyst and patient -will benefit.

Merely to produce without inhibitions, and to evoke dreamlike experiences, is by no means sufficient, either for the artist or for the spectator. One cannot stop at being satisfied with the thrills of mere queerness, and expecting the same from one's public. The artist has to go further than that. His task consists mainly of a tireless analysis of these symptoms of his own, leading further on to the shaping of new symptoms and further on again to the need for new analysis. And there is no stopping until the dream obtains a shape; until the artist knows that his striving towards clarification has resulted in what we call form.

Here are no definite rules. It is a matter of conscience and conscientiousness, and only one's honest conscience can lead to the necessary result. But there is no need for general rules, because no one else has to come along and go on with that particular piece

of work. A work of art is a one-man job. It is the result we have achieved that tells us to what extent we have succeeded.

All this means to say that the artist, in his work on himself, is carrying out a kind of general analysis of the human soul. It is only natural that on the various steps that have to be ascended in this way, in the works of many artists, many common manifestations appear, which are later summarised and classified as the various movements in art. But it is essential to recognise these movements as a result of something achieved in common by individuals. No movement in art should be something like a club that one joins and whose rules one is going to obey.

So much for what is common in art and depth-psychology, and older in art than in science. For it was Freud who borrowed from Sophocles, and not the other way round. But both found their truth in the sources of a common reality. The Oedipus tragedy in particular shows that one need not raise a loan from science; the artistic equivalent is there, even from some couple of thousand years earlier.

There is nothing fundamentally new in surrealism. From Sophocles to Brueghel and Bosch, from there to John Webster, to Blake and Fuseli, to Coleridge, and further on to Lautreamont, Huysmans and Kafka, we find the same means of expression time and again as something belonging to the basic creative phenomena. But not only these classic examples serve as evidence, with their striving to create new meanings through the creation of an imaginary symbolic world: there is no art without the symbol. And even the most realistic works—very often falling short, because of these perpetual limitations that we are forced to admit since we have had to fall back from our realistic and materialist base, which appeared so unconquerable half a century ago-even they may contain some secondary and more important meanings, if we read as symbolic expression what, as a realistic statement, can no longer satisfy. Because of all this we canot reject surrealism. We have to take it as the artistic symptom of our time, this time in which a complete transvaluation of values must take place; or rather, the creation of entirely new values in the place of those that have become worthless and dead. Only new values can stop the ever-growing danger of a total decline of Western culture. We are not in a position to prophesy what will happen. All we know is that the soul of Western man strives for self-expression, in this hour of danger, through the instrument that is in foremost place the artist. It is not necessary to talk about a revival of myth; for myth, being nothing but the

symbolically disguised history of human origins and development, revives itself again and again, whenever art is strong and vivid enough to express what man is in need of. And these are the same old symbols we have to deal with, whether we are concerned with what is left in art from ancient epochs, down to mediaeval times, or whether we study, by way of comparison with contemporary culture, the rites and ceremonies of surviving primitive communities. And even if the ways of explaining these manifestations are different and may lead to different conclusions, their bare existence is significant.

We have not yet as a whole overcome the epoch of surrealism. And that in itself is proof that the surrealist idea is by no means mistaken, no mere perverted excess over the limits of good taste. But it is the one half of a conception, of which we have to work out the total.

The soul of man is crying out for an answer to all its unanswered questions and for relief from the ghastly nightmare life has become—the very same soul that is responsible for all the savageries of history, since the reason for error and crime lies in the soul of man himself. There are things in man that he cannot yet face, does not want to face, less even than he wants to see the many truths that already seem obvious and are still denied and pushed aside. And there are many discrepancies still to be overcome. But, as it seems, we have not the means for planning in this sphere, because we have lost faith in religion and trust in science, and our philosophy has lost itself in a state of sophistication where not even a clear statement can be made about seemingly basic categories such as good and evil, beautiful and ugly. Perhaps such statements have never been possible; but their impossibility has never been so clear and obvious—and so painful. Anybody who, looking at the world in which we are alive today, still demands that art ought to contain the beautiful and good and to fight the evil and ugly, may please himself. He can only be a hypocrit and a liar, with some strong personal reasons for a false attitude; unless he is merely a hopeless ignoramus of no importance. The artist, on the other hand, has a rather different task: he has to discover or re-discover those values that appear to be practically lost. And he has, on top of this, to create his own theoretical equipment, similar to the equipment of the psychoanalyst, in order to achieve his object. We don't reject what

has taken the place of the good and the beautiful, even if it appears to be cruel and ugly, perverted and senseless; because we don't expect, from an era governed by precisely these qualities, anything better and more noble. We expect nothing at all from this era, except its gradual loss of vigor, which may give us the chance of passing through it. But we do not take it, either, as something that can be fought with the means of better qualites, because there are no better ones ready for use.

There is a great transmutation that must be accomplished in the soul, if man is to be capable of overcoming the dark age through which we are going. It is the artist's task to be the pioneer and to go roads that nobody has gone before. It is not the artist's fault if landscape and road are not as pleasant and comfortable as he

himself might wish.

### Richard Lyons:

# A Note to Kenneth Patchen

O Golden Boy, if you would for a minute
With your mind
Stop spitting on the rug of the world's disordered
Room, and let the light of your eyes shine in,
Stop pulling down the blinds,
And end this endless slamming of a door.
O Golden Boy, if you would let us catch
Another glimpse
Of that far landscape that your violent eyes
Have seen . . . the little messages that
We get from you are dim
And come with a sneer for a world that talks in lies.

Perhaps it is a world of men turned children,
Exercising each
His private spite, yet a thumb-to-nose
Expression like an adolescent filled
With hate will never teach
Us to be men. However much a dose

Of growing-up we need, your level spoon
Of maladjustment
Will not cure us of our complex. But you have
The faculty of turning darkness into moonlight
And of breaking our crust
Of mediocrity that fits us like a grave.

Better to kill this genius and be dumb,
O Golden Boy,
Better to kill it outright if you can
Than starve it slowly with such bitter crumbs,
O better to destroy it
Than lead it hungrily about upon a chain.

# Byron Vazakas:

#### TELEGRAM

Toward heart's anguish, the feet turn like a hair, twin to the core of grief. Out through the revolving doors, consciousness

Reverts again to the fixed idea; perhaps no answer was an oversight. But the wind's cold fact stings back that

Silence is the hardest thing to bear. The avenue's vague clock foretells the hour when the glued-on words will fasten

To a yellow sheet the hand's expert confusion. The shock is pondered like revenge. A long way off, electric as surprise,

It curls back home. Stone-lonely flats across the draughty walled-in street say nothing, but relate a prison's

Impersonality. Turning before time, the footsteps speed anxiety's direction, clairvoyant as fear, and certain as no answer.

#### LEPER COLONY

Here death concedes, like leaves, the tears of consequence, dry now, and crackling underfoot; and the mind admits the blood

Rush toward the frozen falls.

Beneath the picturesque stone bridge, the stream stands still again. The picnic clutter left

Only the perspective of what has been, the accomplished facts of love and fear and death. Within the woodland's stark

Necessity, the glassy light, pervasive as potential guilt, provides a refuge for the few. In the greying air, the lonely

Find another loneliness, unripened yet for speech. But straining at the sullen branches, the melancholy wind will soon

Articulate the storm, and the profound distances disclose the cold delirium of tears, naked and actual among a universe of boughs.

## Henry Miller:

# (RIMBAUD OPUS) Part Two\*

It was in 1927, in the sunken basement of a dingy house in Brooklyn, that I first heard Rimbaud's name mentioned. I was then 36 years old and in the depths of my own protracted Season in Hell. An absorbing book about Rimbaud was lying about the house but I never once glanced at it. The reason was that I loathed the woman who owned it and who was then living with us. In looks, temperament and behavior she was, as I later discovered, as near to resem-

bling Rimbaud as it is possible to imagine.

As I say, though Rimbaud was the all engrossing topic of conversation between Thelma and my wife, I made no effort to know him. In fact, I fought like the very devil to put him out of my mind; it seemed to me then that he was the evil genius who had unwittingly inspired all my trouble and misery. I saw that Thelma, whom I despised, had identified herself with him, was imitating him as best she could, not only in her behavior but in the kind of verse she wrote. Everything conspired to make me repudiate his name, his influence, his very existence. I was then at the very lowest point of my whole career, my morale was completely shattered. I remember sitting in the cold dank basement trying to write by the light of a flickering candle with a pencil. I was trying to write a play depicting my own tragedy. I never succeeded in getting beyond the first act.

In that state of despair and sterility I was naturally highly sceptical of the genius of a seventeen year old poet. All that I heard about him sounded like an invention of crazy Thelma's. I was then capable of believing that she could conjure up subtle torments with

<sup>\*</sup>Part One appeared in New Directions 9

which to plague me, since she hated me as much as I did her. The life which the three of us were leading, and which I tell about at length in *The Rosy Crucifixion*, was like an episode in one of Dostoievski's tales. It seems unreal and incredible to me now.

The point is, however, that Rimbaud's name stuck. Though I was not to even glance at his work until six or seven years later, at the home of Anais Nin in Louveciennes, his presence was always with me. It was a disturbing presence, too. "Some day you will have to come to grips with me." That's what his voice kept repeating in my ears. The day I read the first line of Rimbaud I suddenly remembered that it was of Le Bateau Ivre that Thelma had raved so much. The Drunken Boat! How expressive that title now seems in the light of all I subsequently experienced! Thelma meanwhile died in an insane asylum. And if I had not gone to Paris, begun to work there in earnest, I think my fate would have been the same. In that basement on Brooklyn Heights my own ship had foundered. When finally the keel burst asunder and I drifted out to the open sea, I realized that I was free, that the death I had gone through had liberated me.

If that period in Brooklyn represented my Season in Hell, then the Paris period, especially from 1932 to 1934, was the period of my

Illuminations.

Coming upon Rimbaud's work at this time, when I had never been so fecund, so jubilant, so exalted, I had to push him aside, my own creations were more important to me. A mere glance at his writings and I knew what lay in store for me. He was pure dynamite, but I had first to fling my own stick. At this time I did not know anything about his life, except from the snatches Thelma had let drop years ago. I had yet to read a line of biography. It was in 1943, while living at Beverly Glen with John Dudley, the painter, that I first read about Rimbaud. I read Jean-Marie Garre's A Season in Hell and then Enid Starkie's work. I was overwhelmed, tongue-tied. It seemed to me that I had never read of a more accursed existence than Rimbaud's. I forgot completely about my own sufferings, which far outweighed his. I forgot about the frustrations and humiliations I had endured, the depths of despair and impotence to which I had sunk time and again. Like Thelma in the old days, I too can talk of nothing but Rimbaud. Everybody who comes to the house has to listen to the song of Rimbaud.

It is only now, eighteen years after I first heard the name, that I am able to see him clearly, to read him like a clairvoyant. Now I know how great was his contribution, how terrible his tribulations. Now I understand the significance of his life and work—as much,

that is, as one can say he understands the life and work of another. But what I see most clearly is how I miraculously escaped suffering the same vile fate.

Rimbaud experienced his great crisis when he was eighteen, at which moment in his life he had reached the edge of madness; from this point on his life is an unending desert. I reached mine at the age of thirty-six to thirty-seven, which is the age at which Rimbaud dies. From this point on my life begins to blossom. Rimbaud turned turned from literature to life; I did the reverse. Rimbaud fled from the chimeras he had created; I embraced them. Sobered by the folly and waste of mere experience of life, I halted and converted my energies to creation. I plunged into writing with the same fervor and zest that I had plunged into life. Instead of losing life, I gained life; miracle after miracle occurred, every misfortune being transformed to good account. Rimbaud, though plunging into a realm of incredible climates and landscapes, into a world of phantasy as strange and marvelous as his poems, became more and more bitter, taciturn, empty and sorrowful.

Rimbaud restored literature to life; I have endeavored to restore life to literature. In both of us the confessional quality is strong, the moral and spiritual preoccupation uppermost. The flair for language, for music rather than literature, is another trait in common. With him I have felt an underlying primitive nature which manifests itself in strange ways. Claudel styled Rimbaud "a mystic in the wild state". Nothing could describe him better. He did not ,'belong"- not anywhere. I have always had the same feeling about myself. The parallels are endless. I shall go into them in some detail, because in reading the biographies and the letters I saw these correspondences so clearly that I could not resist making note of them. I do not think I am unique in this respect; I think there are many Rimbauds in this world and that their number will increase with time. I think the Rimbaud type will displace, in the world to come, the Hamlet type and the Faustian type. The trend is towards a deeper split. Until the old world dies out utterly, the "abnormal" individual will tend more and more to become the norm. The new man will find himself only when the warfare between the collectivity and the individual ceases. Then we shall see the human type in its fullness and splendor.

To get the full import of Rimbaud's Season in Hell, which lasted eighteen years, one has to read his letters. Most of this time was spent on the Somali Coast, in Aden a number of years. Here is a description of this hell on earth, from a letter to his mother:

"You cannot imagine the place; not a tree, even a withered one, not a sod of earth. Aden is the crater of an extinct volcano filled up with the sand of the sea. You only see lava and sand everywhere which cannot produce the slightest vegetation. It is surrounded by desert sands. Here the sides of the crater of our extinct volcano prevent the air from coming in and we are roasted as if in a limekiln."

How did a man of genius, a man of great energies, great resources, manage to coop himself up, to roast and squirm, in such a miserable hole? Here was a man for whom a thousand lives were not sufficient to explore the wonders of the earth, a man who broke with friends and relatives at an early age in order to experience life in its fullness, yet year after year we find him marooned in this hellhole. How do you explain it, We know, of course, that he was straining at the leash all the time, that he was revolving countless schemes and projects to liberate himself, and liberate himself not only from Aden but from the whole world of sweat and struggle. Adventurer that he was, Rimbaud was nevertheless obsessed with the idea of attaining freedom, which he translated into terms of financial security. At the age of twenty-eight he writes home that the most important, the most urgent, thing for him is to become independent, no matter where. What he omitted to add was, and no matter how. He is a curious mixture of audacity and timidity. He was the courage to venture where no other white man has ever set foot, but he has not the courage to face life without a permanent income. He does not fear cannibals, but he fears his own white brethren. Though he is trying to amass a comfortable fortune, with which he can travel the globe leisurely and comfortably, or settle down somewhere should he find the right spot, he is still the poet and dreamer, the man who is unadapted to life, the man who believes in miracles, the man who is looking for Paradise in one form or another. At first he thinks that fifty thousand francs will be sufficient to secure him for life, but when he almost succeeds in accumulating this sum he decides that a hundred thousand would be safer. Those forty thousand francs! What a miserable, horrible time he has carrying this nest egg about with him! It is practically his undoing. When they carry him down from Hara to the coast in a litter—a journey, incidentally, comparable to the Calvery—his thoughts are frequently on the gold in his belt. Even at the hospital in Marseilles, where his leg is amputated, he is plagued with this nest egg. If it is not the pain which keeps

him awake nights it is the thought of the money which he has on him, which he had to hide so that it will not be stolen from him. He would like to put it in a bank, but how is he to get to a bank when he can't walk? He writes home begging some one to come and take care of his precious treasure. There is something so tragic and so farcical about this that one does not know what to say or think any more.

But what was at the root of his mania for security? The fear which every creative artist knows: that he is unwanted, that he is of no use in the world. How often in his letters does Rimbaud speak of being unfit to return to France and resume the life of the ordinary citizen. I have no trade, no profession, no friends there, he says. As do all poets, he sees the civilized world as the jungle; he does not know how to protect himself in it. Sometimes he adds that it is too late to think of returning—he is always speaking as though he were an old man!—he is too used to the free, wild, adventurous life to ever go back into harness again. The thing he had always loathed was honest toil, but in Africa, Cyprus, Arabia, he toils like a nigger, depriving himself of everything, even coffee and tobacco, wearing a cotton shirt year in and year out, putting aside every sou he makes, in the hope of one day buying his freedom. Even had he succeeded, we know he would never have felt free, never have been happy, never have thrown off the yoke of boredom. From the recklessness of youth he swerved to the cautiousness of old age. He was so utterly the outcast, the rebel, the accursed one, that nothing could save him.

I stress this aspect of his nature because it explains many of the malodorous traits attributed to him. He was not a miser, not a peasant at heart, as some of his biographers imply. He was not hard on others, he was hard with himself. Actually he had a generous nature. "His charity was lavish, unobtrusive and discreet," says his old employer, Bardey. "It is probably one of the few things he did without disgust and without a sneer of contempt."

There was one other bogey which obsessed him all his days and nights: military service. From the time he begins his wanderings up until the day of his death he is tormented by the fear that he is not en régle with the military authorities. Just a few months before his death, while in the hospital at Marseilles, his leg amputated, his sufferings multiplying daily, the fear that the authorities will discover his whereabouts and send him to prison rests like an incubus upon him. "La prison après ce que je viens de souffrir? Il vaudrait mieux la mort!" He begs his sister to write him only when it is ab-

solutely necessary, to address him not as Arthur Rimbaud but simply Rimbaud, and to post the letters from some neighboring town.

The whole fabric of his character is laid bare in these letters which are practically devoid of any literary quality or charm. We see his tremendous hunger for experience, his insatiable curiosity, his illimitable desires, his courage and tenacity, his self-flagellation, his asceticism, his sobriety, his fears and obsessions, his morbidity, his loneliness, his feeling of ostracism, and his unfathomable boredom. We see above all, that like most creative individuals, he was incapable of learning from experience. There is nothing but a repetitious round of similar trials and torments. We see him victimized by the illusion that freedom can be obtained by external means. We see him remaining the adolescent all his life, refusing to accept suffering or give it meaning. To estimate how great was the failure of the latter half of his life we have only to compare his journeying with that of Cabeza de Vaca.\*

But let us leave him in the midst of that desert which he created for himself. My purpose is to indicate certain affinities, analogies, correspondences and repercussions. Let us begin with the parents. Like Madame Rimbaud, my mother was the Northern type, cold, critical, proud, unforgiving, and puritanical. My father was of the South, of Bavarian parents, while Rimbaud's father was Burgundian. There was a continual strife and clash between mother and father, with the usual repercussions upon the offspring. The rebellious nature, so difficult to overcome, here finds its matrix. Like Rimbaud, I too began at an early age to cry: "Death to God!" It was death to everything which the parents endorsed or approved of. It extended even to their friends whom I openly insulted in their presence, even as a stripling. The antagonism never ceased until my father was virtually at the point of death, when at last I began to see how much I resembled him.

Like Rimbaud I hated the place I was born in. I will hate it till my dying day. My earliest impulse is to break loose from the home, from the city I detest, from the country and its citizens with whom I feel nothing in common. Like him too, I am precocious, reciting verses in a foreign language while still in my high-chair. I learned to walk much ahead of time and to speak ahead of time, to read the newspaper even before I went to kindergarden. I was always the youngest in the class and not only the best student but the

\*See The Power Within Us by Haniel Long (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, N. Y.)

favorite of teachers and comrades alike. But, like him again, I despised the prizes and awards which were made me, and was expelled from school several times for refractory behavior. My whole mission, while at school, seemed to be to make fun of the teachers and the curriculum. It was all too easy and too stupid for me. I felt like a trained monkey.

From earliest childhood I was a voracious reader. For Christmas I requested only books, twenty and thirty at a time. Until I was twenty-five or so I almost never left the house without one or more books under my arm. I read standing up, while going to work, often memorizing long passages of poetry from my favorite authors. One of these was Goethe's Faust, I remember. The chief result of this continuous absorption in books was to inflame me to further revolt, to stimulate the latent desire for travel and adventure, to make me anti-literary. It made me contemptuous of everything that surrounded me, alienating me gradually from my friends and imposing on me that solitary, eccentric nature which causes one to be styled a "bizarre" individual. From the age of eighteen (the year of Rimbaud's crisis) I became definitely unhappy, wretched, miserable, despondent. Nothing less than a complete change of environment seemed capable of dissipating this unchanging mood. At twenty-one I broke away, but not for long. Again, like Rimbaud, the opening flights were always disastrous. I was always returning home, either voluntarily or involuntarily, and always in a state of desperation. There seemed no egress, no way of achieving liberation. I undertook the most senseless labors, everything, in short, which I was unfitted for. Like Rimbaud in the quarries at Cyprus, I began with pick and shovel, a day laborer, a migratory worker, a vagabond. There was even this similarity, that when I broke from home it was with the intention of leading an outdoor life, of never again reading a book, of making a living with my two hands, of being a man of the open spaces and not a citizen of a town or city.

All the while, however, my language and my ideas betrayed me. I was completely the literary man, whether I wanted to be or not. Though I could get along with most any type of individual, especially the common man, in the end I was always suspect. It was very much like my visits to the library; always demanding the wrong book. No matter how large the library, the book I wanted was never in or else it was forbidden me. It seemed in those days that everything I wanted in life, or of life, was proscribed. Naturally, I was guilty of the most violent recriminations. My language, which had been shocking even

as a child—I remember being dragged to the police station at the age of six for using foul language—my language, I say, became even more shocking and indecent.

What a jolt I got when I read that Rimbaud, as a young man, used to sign his letters—"that heartless wretch, Rimbaud." Heartless was an adjective I was fond of hearing applied to myself. I had no . principles, no lovalty, no code whatsoever; when it suited me, I could be thoroughly unscrupulous, with friend and foe alike. I usually repaid kindness with insult and injury. I was insolent, arrogant, intolerant, violently prejudiced, relentlessly obstinate. In short, I had a distinctly disagreeable personality, a most difficult one to deal with. Yet I was very much liked; people seemed overeager to forgive my bad qualities for the charm and enthusiasm I dispensed. This attitude served only to embolden me to take further liberties. Sometimes I myself wondered how on earth I could get away with it. The people I most loved to insult and injure were those who deemed themselves my superior in one way or another. Towards these I waged a relentless war. Beneath it all I was what you would call a good boy. My natural temperament was that of a kind, joyous, open-hearted individual. As a youngster I was often referred to as "an angel". But the demon of revolt had taken possession of me at a very early age. It was my mother who implanted it in me. It was against her, against all that she represented, that I directed my uncontrollable energy. Never until I was fifty did I once think of her with affection. Though she never actually balked me (only because my will was the stronger), I felt her shadow across my path constantly. It was a shadow of disapproval, silent and insidious, like a poision slowly injected into the veins.

I was amazed when I read that Rimbaud had allowed his mother to read the manuscript of A Season in Hell. Never did I dream of showing my parents anything I had written, or even discussing the subject of my writing with them. When I first informed them that I had decided to become a writer they were horrified; it was as though I had announced that I was going to become a criminal. Why couldn't I do something sensible, something that would enable me to gain a living? Never did they read a line of what I have written. It was a sort of standing joke when their friends inquired of me, when they asked what I was doing. 'What is he doing? Oh, he's writing . . . '' As though to say, he's crazy, he's making mud-pies all day long.

(To Be Continued: Circle 10)

## Harry Roskolenko:

# Portrait of PR, The Portable Review

(No reference is intended to anyone living or dead)

What is this, red, pink, or pallid communist?
Well then, some semi-semi organ of Lev Davidovitch!
One does sadly sire many sons of the itch.

The economic *Thirties* begat their wars, the racial *Forties*; Some sons of illusion, doubting Marx's coin and tag. And some other folk, frail and frantic, in the cultural lag.

Betwixt techniques, themes, in the modern moral scene, Put your dime in, even though the chewing-gum is green; Tis after dinner, smoke your Neo Question Mark cigar

Or take your mind for an airing in the Portable RR car.
The journey is rather strange; the stop-over, eccentric;
And what you've left behind makes for the classical romantic . . .

The mixed-up tracks, trains, passengers with spears, Going! going! but they've been riding at least ten years; And not to arrive is hard for pilgrims with clean new stubs;

Especially editors, with sample-cases, Book-of-the-Minute-Clubs; And any idea or ration For the New Salvation.

Ignazio Silone, sadly, in the analogy of well-baked bread Kneading poetry in the bakeshop of the political head. Red vino! But a drink of his wine would kill them . . . These semi-arrivistes, litterateurs, and another rhyme.

Victor Serge, alas! a new international garden is needed; The roses of the *Four* are plucked. Who will seed it? Hook and Eastman, judo-ing Marx into a closet of grace, Ecstatically saving each other's scientific face.

Poor, dear, wonderful grandfather Sigmund Freud, Too dead, they say, to be much too much annoyed; Killed by hacks, literary quarterbacks of time and tide, But much alive in the *id* of the man inside.

George Orwell can at least confess, and terse! That all is not so well, or perhaps even worse!

Katherine Anne Porter's pallour remains, A more natural Southern daughter's.

James Agee . . . who, whom can he be?

O yes, some photographs of American poverty.

Randall Jarrell and James T. Farrell; The former, intense, complex; the latter Wearing a more natural, Zola-esque apparel.

As Jarrell enters, his saber in foes, in pose and stances, Farrell exits! The red-flag permits no dalliance, necromances— Studs remains! The others take to paper and aerial fences.

Friar T. S. Eliot, weighing sin's obscure definition, Writes upon his major, moral superstition. If the Wasteland is not yet ravaged, dead, It has filled up the editor's collective head.

Stephen Spender, going, coming, journeying, Back then forward; more pose now than poetry or prose; And just as sad and liberal. No matter what! He upholds the hot literary pot.

Auden, vexed, removed from formal passions, realism's text, Wanders the labyrinths of Vedanta, Isherwood, Christus Rex. Where the wall ends, is the summit of his complex.

Mary McCarthy with her hair-shirt of silk, or Satan, Wearing a gown upon the amoral frowns of comic Pan . . . While Wilson's back is bent to *New Yorker* prose, All the weeds bask within the dying rose.

er decide Historians with access

And so catholic is the mellow mystical chase, The hare gallops after the fox's holy trace And disappears within a hole of purest space,

With Sartre, Kierkegaard, Neitzsche, we now exist, "Masters of our thoughts," the personal mesmerists, Pinching, borrowing, pasting—anything for a synthesis;

Jean Cocteau conceived in the role of Mirabeau; And Burnham, heir to an un-manageable self, Macheavelli of the Philosopher's creaky shelf,

With bit and auger and some boring acrobatics Anointing the saw-dust trail of political pragmatics, Janus of Washington Square's gaping dialectics . . .

Leaving MacDonald, peer, priest, recently politician, Within the Politics of his private leaking vision, The *kitsch* church in the middle of a transition;

With Lionel Abel, Rosenberg, on the solemn forward rafters, Not living in the present, certainly not in the here-afters; The transition period has only Rimbaudian laughters.

Acquatic, didactic, Karl Jay Shapiro, Now a nervous, literary, composite Nero, Fiddling his dull, catholic, exercise in zero. And Delmore, or perhaps less, nevertheless Mr. Schwartz, After Eliot's lambent Thoughts, or after piscatorial Shenandoah, Some Kafka, Rilke, mining pure slate from quartz and Noah.

While Henry Miller, from his *Dee*, you and I, Lewdly gazing from his cosmic Western Sky. The nightmare's now a day-dream's opulent sigh. There's nothing to do but write the same book—or lie.

As lesser Patchen, a prattling Albion, writing in a breeze, Makes a cough and salvo of a furious sneeze. They should join hands. The club can issue pessaries. The price of art, a four-letter literature with accessories.

James Laughlin's more natural things and circumspection Is the magnetic compass wobbling in any old direction.

Perhaps there is nothing to be said? Everything's with ivy and brier. Like the white church on which is discovered a black spire.

#### III

While Goodman's bow wings his sparkling set of arrows, He's too high or too low for even a scholarly set of sparrows.

Williams Phillips with one, Stentorian, dialectical lung, Joins in the misere of the saints among the un-song, Half in tune, out of breath, but one among.

Poor Rahv—he writhes, raves on Henry James' bones, Exorcised by Yankee ghosts, the totems of Russian drones; And some nameless gentlemen within this recent American clan; Perhaps Mattheissen, but his criticism is rash, without plan.

And each issue goes wherever the season of mind is willing, Et Al, Dupee, Sypher, Arendt, Etc., Trilling. And *Titans* grow like trees, and the critics need Only the wounds of greatness to make them bleed.

One does sadly sire many sons of the itch. Within a Mongoloid synthesis.

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# Circle Magazine, the California School of Fine Arts, and the San Francisco Museum of Art will jointly sponsor three series of creative and experimental films.

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The first series, primarily from the New York Museum of Modern Art Film Library, will be shown at the San Francisco Museum of Art September 27 through November 29, 1946, at 8:00 P.M., Friday evenings.

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### Contributors:

#### LAWRENCE DURRELL

author of many books, including Black Book, which was originally published in Paris. His reputation as a poet has grown in the last few years with the publication of Towns & Cities and A Private Country. During the war he was an officer in the British Intelligence Service in Cairo, where he also edited the poetry magazine, Personal Landscape. He now lives Personal Landscape. He now lives on the Island of Corfu.

#### WILLIAM EVERSON

has appeared in these pages before. He is the author of five volumes of poetry. A large group of his poems appears in the current issue of New Directions Anthology.

#### C. F. MAC INTYRE

author of four books of poetry, including The Black Bull and Cafes and Cathedrals, translated through a Guggenheim Fellowship Goethe's Faust which is acknowledged to be the finest translation to date. He is now working on translations of the French Symbolists which will be published shortly.

#### MARY FABILLI

has appeared in the various magazines as well as in the New Directions Anthologies, is now working on a novel.

#### HILAIRE HILER

author of Color Harmony and Pigments and (with Henry Miller and William Saroyen) Why Ab-stract, lives in New Mexico. His paintings have been exhibited throughout the world.

#### SELWYN S. SCHWARTZ

author of many books of poetry, the latest of which is the excellent Preface to Maturity which was reviewed in Circle 5.

#### ERICKA BRAUN

a student at the University of California, this is her first publication.

HARRY ROSKOLENKO

a vituperative sort of guy, has been published widely throughout the world, is the author of a number of books of poetry, the latest of which is Second Summary.

### Contributors (cont.:)

#### ALEX COMFORT

well known poet and writer whose latest book, Power House, has been published in England and America and judged one of the best novels of the year. He is also a doctor as well as critic and anthologist, an important figure in contemporary English letters.

#### MAX HARRIS

editor of Angry Penguins, appeared in Circle 5. He is also the author of the fine experimental novel Vegetative Eye.

#### HENRY MILLER

see Circle 4 for a complete list of publications. His latest book, Forever Maurizius, is based on the novel of Jacob Wasserman. He is probably the most widely published writer in the world today with a steadily growing influence on contemporary writers.

#### ROBERT STOCK

lives in San Francisco, this is his first publication.

#### BYRON VAZAKAS

has been widely published, his stanza style has been developed to a point of riguor, equal to that of the sonnet.

#### DAVID STEWART

recently returned from war, is studying printing. This is his first publication.

#### ERNST KAISER

in the R.A.F. during the war, is the husband of Eithne Kaiser who appeared in the last issue of Circle. He is the author of a novel which is awaiting a daring publisher.

#### GERALD BURKE

we think is an extremely promising young writer. This is his first publication.

#### WALKER WINSLOW

a psychiatric worker in various institutions is now working on a long book.

#### RICHARD MOORE

appeared in Circle 6, which was

#### GEORGE LEITE

is in need of financial aid.

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